

WELLS SPEAKS FROM LONDON

H. G. Wells, noted British novelist and historian, will be the first speaker in a Low Series of programs to be broadcast on the WABC microphones leaders in the fields of British life, and will broadcast over the WABC-Columbia network next Tuesday from 3:30 to 4 p. m.

The series, broadcast jointly by the British Broadcasting Corp. and the Columbia Broadcasting System, will constitute a number of discussions on the general topics "Whither Britain?"

Others who have agreed to appear on the weekly programs include Winston Churchill, Austen Chamberlain, Lloyd C. George, George Bernard Shaw, Sir John Simon, Ernest Bevin and Quintin Hogg.

One of the most prolific writers of our age, Wells was born a few days after the death of Shakespeare in 1866. He attended the Royal College at Sand-

ence. His debut as a literary figure was made at the age of 21 when he brought out four books: "Select Conversations with A

Drama of Civil War Spies Aired Today

The first program will be dramatized in a special series of five "Roses and Drums" programs. The first, entitled "Road Around Richmond," will be heard over a WABC-Columbia net work today from 5 to 5:30 p. m.

The first program will re-narrate a little-known adventure of Sheridan's cavalry forces, who discovered while encircling Richmond, that their route has been mined by Confederate spies with deadly torpedoes.

W!

TURNS

popular wise-crack king
g the air waves again.
for the low-down on
and your old friends
gressmen. Will has joked
5 Presidents now and

● **Coming!**
IRVING BERLIN
famous songwriter, will be on the Gulf program soon with tunes new and old. Remember "Always"—"How Deep Is the Ocean"—"Remember"—"Because I Love You"—"Heat Wave"—? Irving Berlin was the fond parent of those and many more. Don't miss him when he starts his Gulf



WBZ

1995

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

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Sunday, Jan. 7, 1934



"No, no, Allan! You mustn't kiss me again!" Lucy
Dorrington protested.

Love, Honor and Deceive by Howard Rockey

CHAPTER I.
Broke.

IN THE stifling jam of the rush-hour crush, Peg Gilman found the subway more intolerable than ever. She had intended to start uptown early enough to hope for a seat and avoid this sweltering ordeal. But the last of her fruitless interviews had held her till twenty minutes of six and had sent her temper soaring above the thermometer.

The prospective employer had told her she would not fit the job, but that if she would like a cocktail, he was leaving for the day. If that had not made her furious, Peg might have thought it funny. At least, it was evidence that her clothes had not lost their smartness. And Peg knew that she did look fetching in her neatly tailored dress of becoming brown wool crepe, with a chic tan hat at a saucy tilt over her right eye.

But now, as she clutched her brown leather bag and a book from the public library, she tried to balance herself in the crowd and cursed the idiot. It was well enough to be petite, but a girl too short to reach the straps was always out of luck.

A cocktail wouldn't have been bad. Only Peg was far from feeling in the mood for casual courtship. Besides, the fellow's colossal nerve had been more than she could stand. He had deliberately kept her there while he saw eight other girls. However, Peg had retained her poise and promptly left the office, quite sensibly denying herself even the doubtful luxury of expressing her indignation. That wouldn't have helped, she decided, when a few minutes later she paused at the curb at the corner of Forty-second street and Fifth avenue.

The lumbering approach of a Riverside bus had tempted her to ride uptown in the open air. Then the thought of the extra nickel that extravagance would entail had sent her along with the hurrying throng toward the Times Square subway station. Her one ambition was to reach the Morningside Heights apartment she shared with Hope Moore and Grace Holt, especially since it was Peg's turn to cook their meals. Yet she honestly dreaded to tell the two that another day's employment hunt had been barren of any result.

At the corner of Sixth avenue, in the shadow of the "L," a disheveled man accosted her with the whining plea that she spare him a dime for a cup of coffee. In spite of the irony of his request, Peg refused him with an effort, and as the traffic signal changed, started across the street. She was wondering if he was hungry, or whether his begging was netting him more money than she could hope to earn if she should land a position. Peg was also wondering whether any circumstance could make her swallow sufficient pride to follow

Continued on Page 18

Remarkable Mountainside Sculptures Tell Story of Wine

One of the Rock Carvings Recently Discovered Near the Vineyard Town of Greater Jena, Germany. This Sculpture Shows Christ at the Biblical Feast of Cana Performing the Miracle of Turning Water Into Wine. The Saviour Is at the Extreme Left of the Table.

If a gang of workmen had not been put to the task of clearing a path through the vines which cover the sandstone mountains circling the vineyards of Greater Jena, in central Germany, a remarkable "gallery" of sculptures might have been lost to the country for years, if not for all time.

One of the workmen, when he cut away a clump of vines, was surprised to find himself looking at a heroic likeness of the Saviour. He called the foreman of the crew and, within an hour, a mountainside bas-relief showing Christ as master of the vineyard was completely uncovered.

Word was immediately dispatched to the civic authorities of Greater Jena among whom was an old man who recalled that his great-grandfather had told him stories of the "rock pictures" which, back in the early 1700's, had been the wonder and pride of that prosperous section of Europe. If he remembered right, scores of such panels had ornamented the sandstone sides of the mountains.

Old archives were dug out of the

municipal vaults and there the history of the sculptures was found. Who the sculptors of the rock pictures were was not recorded, but the work had been completed in 1722 and was a tribute to one John Christian Steinbauer, one of the wealthiest vineyardists of his day.

The sculptures, according to the old records, depicted the story of wine from the days of the early Greeks up through the Biblical days covered by the Old Testament and by the New Testament.

The whole countryside, excited by news of the discovery, turned out to clear the mountainsides of vines and to search for the sculptures. Within a week a dozen of the masterpieces had been uncovered. Four of the most ambitious and artistic of the works are shown on this page.

Prohibitionists who look upon the demand for light wines and beer as un-



One of the Finest of the Bas Reliefs Shows Jesus as the Master of the Vineyard. He Is Standing Above a Huge Cask While the Workers Fill It With Grapes.



Among the Accidentally Discovered Masterpieces in Rock Is a Representation of Noah With a Heavily Laden Cutting of a Grapevine in One of His Hands.

Christian may be a little shocked to learn how intimately Jesus figures in the heroic works of art so far cleared of vegetation. Besides the bas-relief which shows the Saviour as master of the vineyard, there are others in which the Saviour is the central character.

In the opinion of many critics who have studied the recently discovered works of art, the best of the panels is the one which shows the Lord turning water into wine at the Feast of Cana.

Another of the huge sculptures shows Noah working in the vineyards. The Master of the Ark is represented with a prize cutting of vine, heavy with bunches of grapes, in one of his hands. King David is revealed in a panel which is even more an argument for the making and drinking of the fermented juice of the grape. The King is playing on his harp, while about him a ring of happy children dance. On

Another of the Sculptures, Done in 1722, Shows King David Playing on His Harp While a Group of Happy Children Dance to His Music. The Inscription on This Carving Reads: "Wine Gladdens the Heart of Man."

this panel is the somewhat blurred inscription: "Wine Gladdens the Heart of Man."

That the Church did not frown upon wine drinking back in the early 18th century is evident in the sculpture depicting the Saviour as a vineyard master. The Saviour stands atop a huge cask, with His cross in one hand. On either side of the cask, men, women and children are bearing baskets laden with freshly cut grapes. The inscription on this work reads: Dedicated by the Bishop of the Church to John Christian Steinbauer, 1722.

Since the accidental discovery of the long-lost mountainside sculptures, countless Jena residents by hundreds of Germans and tourists from other countries. The unique artistic display, it is believed, will bring an increasing number of visitors to the place every year. Plans are being made to accommodate these travelers, who will, of course, be pleasantly introduced to the liquid product of Greater Jena's extensive vineyards.

Scantiest "Legal" Bathing Suit

EUROPEANS are a bit more broad-minded than we are in the matter of what's proper and decent in seaside wear, but outside of the cult cuden romp in their skins, the police exercise a restraining hand on bathers.

It might be supposed that the Greeks, known for centuries as worshippers of beautiful bodies, would be extremely liberal in their laws regulat-

ing the costumes worn on the beaches of their country. But, they, too, demand that run and sea bathers maintain certain standards of dress at the watering places, smart and not so smart.

The young woman in the photograph below is wearing a bathing suit which, in the eyes of police at Glyfada, Greece, just about the limit. Beyond this abbreviated costume, the limbs of the law will not permit bathers to go.

As a matter of fact, the forces of law and order at Glyfada, went into long and official conference before they arrived at the decision that this scanty outfit was legal. The waverer had, it seems, been complained of by certain shocked feminine residents of the seaside community. In the complaint she was labeled as a "shameless creature" who was attracting entirely too much attention in her daily strolls besides the waves which she seldom went into. None of the complainants were men and the police, being men, were inclined to discount the indignation of the objectors, to the outfit.

Finally they ruled that the suit was within the law, but they warned other bathers, men and women, that trunks must not be cut up higher on the sides and that the area of cloth covering the chest must not be reduced beyond the limit set by the shapely wearer of the scantiest lawful bathing suit.



The Police Stationed at Glyfada, One of the Smartest Watering Places in Greece, Frowned a Long Time Before They Permitted This Pretty Young Bather to Parade the Sands and the Boardwalk in This Abreast Outfit. They Finally Decided That the Suit Was Within the Law and That It Was the Absolute Limit of Scantiness.

A Cook Book for Every Bride

THERE are, in this country, many people who have lost faith in the institution of marriage. The high percentage of matrimonial crack-ups has moved them to take a pessimistic view of marriage and home-making. But Chicago has a municipal judge—his name is Edward R. Casey—who never has lost his faith in romance and domesticity. In fact he is so convinced that marriage is all right as it is that he ties the holy bonds free of charge to the bride and groom—and starts them off right by presenting the bride with a cook book.

"This ought to be a permanent seal on your marriage," he remarks as he hands the volume of recipes to the blushing bride.

Judge Casey apparently thinks that many cases of incompatibility are not-

ing more serious than lack of kitchen efficiency on the part of the wife. Keep a man's stomach full of good food well cooked and his heart ought to stay in the right place, according to the magistrate's theory.

Every humanitarian runs into trouble when he tries to help his fellow men, and Judge Casey has hit a stumbling block or two in his personally conducted campaign to make Chicago's weddings come close to its number of divorces. His generosity in marrying couples for nothing has, it seems, deprived the county of much profitable business in wedding romantically minded men and women. Last year the marriage court did a \$34,000 business. This year, thanks partly to Judge Casey, the figures are considerably lower.

Holds Hands With Himself When He Sleeps

BO-BO is one of the outstanding attractions of the world-famous London Zoo. He is a handsome and intelligent chimpanzee, and he never disappoints his admiring public—even when he's asleep.

The big chimpanzee's posture, when he decides to quit his amusing antics and take a bit of shuteye is one of the sights of the zoo, for Bo-bo, ever since he was a little fellow, has courted Morpheus by grasping one of his hands with one of his hairy feet. The photograph shows how funny the chimp looks in this position.

The head keeper of the monkey house says that there's really nothing remarkable in this posture. "Human beings do much the same thing," he says. "Some people sleep on their left side. Others have to lie on their right side before they can doze off. Many humans would not go to sleep until they were utterly exhausted unless they pulled their knees up close to their bodies. Others have to lie on their faces and as straight as ramrods. It so happens that Bo-bo is human enough to have his special sleeping position. If humans were built as he is I have

no doubt that thousands of them would fall into the habit of holding hands with themselves as an aid to slumber." It is an amusing sight to watch the ape getting ready to take his afternoon nap—a habit when the weather is pleasant enough. For a time he sits on the bottom of his cage seemingly undecided whether to stay awake or lie down for forty winks. He eyelids droop and he slumps forward jerkily. Finally he makes up his mind to forget the curious crowd always gathered about his pen and he assumes a horizontal position. He tries lying first on one side and then on the other, and he always winds up in the posture shown in the picture.

Somewhat like a baby in its carriage, the chimpanzee plays with his feet, spreading the toes apart and closing them again. Sometimes he holds his right foot with his left hand and again

he alternates the order and grasps his left foot with his right hand. And, of course, he often joins a hand and foot on the same side of his flexible body.

All this "monkey business" is part of Bo-bo's recipe for getting to sleep. Apparently he wouldn't fall into a doze unless he held hands with himself, for eventually he takes the position shown in the picture and links one hand and one foot in a close grip. He closes and uncloses his long fingers until he gets just the right union. Then he drops off to sleep.

Bo-bo looks as though he had lost his last friend in this study of him, but he really is one of the good-natured optimists of the London Zoo. He seldom gets depressed, as some of his long-tailed cousins do, and he's always ready to perform a few tricks for the crowd that come to see him and the rest of the animals and birds housed in the place.



Bo-bo, One of the Chimpanzees at the London Zoo, Goes to Sleep Quickly and Slumbers More Soundly When He Grasps One of His Feet With One of His Hairy Hands.

Is Venus Inhabited?

FOR many years scientists have speculated on the possibility of life on Mars, but few of them had, until a short time ago, any such interesting ideas about the planet Venus, sometimes called the earth's twin sister.

The astronomers' new attitude toward Venus came about when Dr. Walter S. Adams and Dr. Theodore Dunham of the Carnegie Institution, focused the 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson, California, on Venus and split the planet's light (reflected from the sun) into its component colors by means of a spectroscope. They saw a color which told them that the surface of Venus is partially covered by carbon dioxide gas. This gas, which is found in the atmosphere about the earth, is necessary for the existence of plants and animals.

With their usual caution, the scientists are saying little about the likelihood of life on the supposedly dead planet, but their discovery leads them to believe that creatures and plants may exist there.

"The apparent presence of this gas on Venus," said one of the stargazers, "indicates that one of the essentials of life as we know it on this earth may exist in the atmosphere of Venus. We shall study the case further."

No Longer Afraid of the Big Bad Sheriff When He Sings

Tenor John Steel Successfully Explains the Impossibility of a Temperamental Star Giving His Best to His Public While an Alimony Collector Is Almost Constantly Watching in the Wings to Make Him Pay Up or Go to Jail



Tenor John Steel Demonstrating His Art to an Admirer of His Voice at Miami.

JUSTICE FREDERICK P. CLOSE, of the White Plains, N. Y., Supreme Court, little realized what a long club he had placed in the fair hands of Sidonie Espino Steel, divorced wife of John W. Steel, singing star of stage and screen.

It was merely the customary order to jail a husband if he failed to keep up with his alimony payments.

But Sidonie, who was on the stage herself once, saw the possibilities, and, dancing out of court, applied the weapon with such tireless vigor and vim to her former husband that the other day the same judge had to take the club out of her hands again.

A stage carpenter might possibly continue to saw straight and drive nails accurately though he knew a policeman was waiting to put him in jail, but a singer is different. He has temperament and cannot melt an audience with love songs while he sees a "big, bad wolf" in the form of a sheriff dangling handcuffs in the wings.

Mr. Steel, famous in the Ziegfeld Follies and the Music Box Revue, says that his former wife had threatened to ruin his career and with the aid of numerous sheriffs has just about done so. Sidonie denies any such intention but her sheriffs have resulted in reducing the tenor's income from \$1,000 a week to almost zero, a mere \$500 for all last year, Mr. Steel complains.

His present and third wife, Mrs. Janet Hackett Steel, says that she called on Sidonie, pointing out that unless she stopped that "sheriff-persecution" he could not earn any money at all and therefore there would be no hope of collecting any of that back alimony, which now amounts to \$20,000, although he has paid \$75,000 on account. The first wife denied that she replied:

"Money isn't everything—I'd rather see him in jail the rest of his life." Like any great discoveries, that of the devastating effect of a sheriff on a temperamental singer was an accident. Way back in 1921, when the trouble first started, Sidonie sent a deputy sheriff to the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York to hand her husband a set of her separation suit papers. Not intending to be mean, the deputy did his duty just before his victim received the cue to go and sing. As a result Steel gave such a wretched performance that Ziegfeld himself was running back to see what was the matter with his matinee idol and Sidonie knew about it.

John was making \$1,000 a week then and did not mind paying \$250 of it as temporary alimony for his wife and child while the suit dragged along for three years. As long as he kept up with his payments, Mrs. Steel could not add that unwelcome sheriff to the cast of characters in any of John's shows, but she hadn't forgotten.

When the case came to trial, Sidonie named three lovely co-defendants, all of them show girls; also she charged cruelty, desertion and one thing and another.

By this time Steel had paid \$40,000 in temporary alimony but the court decided that he hadn't been so very cruel or unfaithful and Sidonie lost her case. Then came a divorce by agreement, in which the wife collected a palatial mansion at Larchmont and

Sidonie Espino, Mr. Steel's First Wife, Who Set the Sheriffs on Him.

only \$150 a week alimony. As a last minute inspiration, John says she charged up \$20,000 worth of clothes and jewelry against him. The years rolled on. Steel married and was divorced by Mabel Stapleton, a violinist of Chicago. Mabel let him go, it is said, for a mere \$500 cash. Shortly after the second divorce in 1924 he married his third and present wife, the well-known dancer, Janet Hackett. In 1927, after paying a total of \$75,000 alimony, that \$150 a week taxation began to hurt. His salary had fallen from \$29,000 in 1924 to \$6,847 in 1927. Having been such a long and faithful alimony payer, Steel thought his credit would be good enough to "hang up" one or two instalments. He was



Mrs. Helene Patton Inman with Her New York Lawyer Mr. Siegel Going Over, Maybe, One of Mr. Steel's Interesting Love Tributes to Her Which Figured So Largely in Her Husband's Suit for Divorce Against Her.

Mabel Stapleton, Wife No. 2, Who Never Bothered John for Alimony Apparently, but Agreed to Forget Him for \$500.

mistaken. That was the cue for the "villain" to enter in the form of a sheriff. This new character did not always get as far as the stage, often he was held up at the stage door while Steel, warned by the sheriff in the cast, slipped in through the front of the house. Even that was enough to make him give a poor performance and hastily and ungraciously find the money to pay something more on account.

But in 1931 the sheriff became much more of a menace when Sidonie obtained that jail order. After that it was just one sheriff after another. Some of these minions of the law did interfere with an officer of the law, but there are stories that John was singing quite often in theatres where John was singing.

Imagine a deputy sheriff with star, handcuffs, the necessary papers and stern resolve, appearing at the stage door of the theatre in a small town. He asks for one John W. Steel and is told to step inside and wait for him. He does so only to be run over by a series of stage hands, carrying lamps, scenery and various objects, who come barging at him out of the semi-darkness. The sheriff keeps shifting new positions, but wherever he goes the traffic seems to get worse. Then he might find his attention taken up by a couple of pretty chorus girls who would lead him to a safer place and after a reasonable time the call boy would stick his head in to announce that Mr. Steel has just gone. "What?" cries the outraged dignitary. "Yes," replies the boy. "He said he was too busy to see any of his wife's friends today."

But some of the sheriffs seem to have been markedly "camp-proof," forcing their way, like a football player, with half a dozen beauties tacking them, to the wings. There they could see their victim, on stage, trying to sing and, also, he could see them with disastrous results.

"Hounding me, threatening me with jail and disgrace, disrupting my morale, she forced me to flee from theatre after theatre," the matinee idol alleged in his plea for relief.

On May 9, 1931, while on the RKO tour in Rochester, John was served by another sheriff with papers requiring him to appear in court to show cause why he shouldn't be jailed. He had just sung a touching song of love and goodness to his Rochester public. Imagine his reaction. That barrier was straightened out half-amically, the wife getting more money. John continued his tour.

January 22, 1932, found Steel singing nearer home—the Albee Theatre in Brooklyn. This appearance opened an engagement of fourteen weeks at \$500 a week. Things looked a little brighter. Of course, he had the expense of his pianist, the pianist's travel expenses, as well as his own, and the general upkeep of wardrobe. But things did look brighter.

That opening night John was prepared to sing as he had never sung before. He was about to take his cue and walk on the stage to his public when he received an urgent telephone call from wife No. 2.

"John," she said, "I am frightened. Sid's lawyer called me and told me that unless he was paid \$2,000 on account right away he would lock you up." As John explained it to the court later: "It was impossible for me to meet this outrageous demand. This disgrace which arrest would bring. I was compelled to cancel the engagement. I fled the theatre in despair." The result of this bit of temperamental defiance was the cancelling of the agent of the contract, and from that date to this the tenor has been unable to secure work, he says. In pointing this fact out to the court, Steel submitted various affi-

davits of booking agents in New York City. All agreed that it was unwise to engage even such a fine singer as John Steel under circumstances which were very uncertain—namely, the whims of sheriffs.

The money situation was so bad because he could not get employment, the tenor said, that his third wife was forced to support him and their son. All this, he claimed, could be avoided if his first wife would let him come to the Mecca of the theatrical world—Broadway—without fear of the sheriff in the wings.

When Judge Clegg had listened to the tale of this fallen star, knocked out of the theatrical firmament with that long club he had placed in an ex-wife's hands, he wrote the following far-reaching opinion giving legal recognition to that thing known as artistic temperament.

"It is apparent that the defendant herein will be unable to secure any employment with the order for contempt outstanding. In the theatrical business, no manager or booking agency will take the risk of an entertainer being interrupted by the arrest of one of the participants if, as in this case, they are apprised in advance of likelihood of such action.

"The defendant is a singer. He formerly earned large sums on the concert and theatrical stage. Artists cannot be measured by the yardstick that is applied to us ordinary mortals. When the gift of song was made it was always accompanied by what is spoken of as artistic temperament. This defendant cannot employ his unusual ability with the thought constantly in his mind that the sheriff is in the wings waiting for the finale. On the other hand, he must fulfill his obligations to his wife and child. I am of the opinion that the defendant has not the earning ability he once possessed. It may be that with a feeling of security he may improve.

Janette Hackett, Tenor Steel's Third Wife Who Has Stood by Him So Lovaly Although His Income Has Diminished from \$100,000 a Year to \$500 a Year. Under the "Jitters" Produced by His First Wife's Alimony Collectors.

"The motion is dismissed as follows: The order placing him in contempt is stayed pending the further order of the court. The defendant will furnish to the court semi-monthly a statement of his engagements and the gross salary received and he must pay to the plaintiff 15 per cent of such gross salary. I expect that the defendant will not in good faith. If he does not, no further consideration will be accorded him."

Sympathy for this "alimony slave" is somewhat tempered by the fact that he put the shackles on himself, marrying three times and apparently otherwise he "loved not wisely but too well." This was shown in the divorce suit of Walker P. Inman, tobacco magnate, against his wife, Mrs. Helene Garnett Patton Inman, when Mrs. Inman's pyjama parties with the tobacco man's wife, said that Helene had remarked: "John is some lover!"

Besides this testimonial, the following sample of his love letters and verses was introduced:

"If I should say I love you, dear, 'twould only be untrue."

"For, dear, I worship you, I fear, my love is ever true."

"Each night I find I dream of you, in gowns of white and black and blue."

"But when with you I long to tend them from your back and make you hear."

"And lean above with red hot lips, to kiss from face to finger-tips. Well, anybody who would write anything like that seems to deserve some little trouble."

Finds the Racketeers' Real Paradise

Below—A Temple, One of Many Used by the Workers of Witchcraft, Who Awe Their Victims With Weird Rites and Ceremonies and Thus Keep the Graft Coming in Steadily.

A Typical Racketeer of New Guinea and a Member of the Group Which Lives on Blackmail Paid by Credulous Natives Who Fear the Curses and Spells of the Self-Appointed Magicians.

DOWN in New Guinea lies a land that is a gangster's dream of heaven. There, on the edge of the barren plains that skirt the Aitape mountains, dwells a tribe of blackmailers whose skill in mulcting their victims is so great that, in contrast, the kings of America's Racketland appear like blundering amateurs. In this gangster's paradise, there are no cops to worry about, no fear of vengeance by irate victims, no danger of being put on the spot by competitors greedy for more territory, in short, no risks of any kind. The racketeer is the cock o' the walk and a member, through inheritance, of a highly efficient organization which preys upon the credulity of neighboring tribes and lives indolently and arrogantly upon payments for protection against disease and death. All the blackmail has to do is to collect, and all that is required of the victim is to pay, pay and pay—or else! Fear of the black magic of sorcery is the weapon these rackets brandish over the heads of their "clients" who



PHOTOS BY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

always pay to escape prolonged and painful death. For those luckless people believe that the blackmailers are able to kill them by roasting their souls over evil fires. The system is simple and effective. All that a sorcerer needs to get a hapless neighbor into his clutches is some bit of personal property of the latter—a cigarette butt, a scrap of cloth, the remnant of a meal—with such a token as the symbol of his victim's body, the sorcerer can twist the screws of fear, keep his victim squirming in the throes of lifelong dread and make him pay until the very hour of his death. The racket of these blackmailing tribes is based upon two major superstitions on the part of other natives.



Dr. Mead Talking With a Native Woman and Child, and Learning All About the Vicious System of Tribute.

the health or end the life of the person to whom it belonged. This unique underworld was discovered by Dr. Margaret Mead, famous ethnologist and explorer, who has just returned from the South Seas, where she spent nearly two years among the Arapesh tribe which inhabits New Guinea. Dr. Mead—who is as young and attractive as she is resourceful and daring—learned that New Guinea's primitive racketeers never work. All their wants are supplied by their victims. And when the blackmailers travel, they make free use of their victims' homes, and if they are not treated as honored and distinguished guests the fat is in the fire and trouble starts. These extortioners may journey in safety through districts thickly settled by tribes which would gladly lift all sorcerers on the points of their spears—if they only could. The blackmailer does not go about



Dr. Margaret Mead, Who Discovered the Graft System in New Guinea and Who First Named the Country "Racketeers' Paradise."

collecting tokens here and there. His meal-ticket comes to him through the medium of a third person who—in a flare of anger or accounted by deep-rooted hatred—seizes some token of the body of his enemy and sends it, along with a pig or some other substantial present, to one of the sorcerers' villages. If the fee suits the racketeer, he accepts the token and may either cut it aside for a rainy day, or if pickings are slim at the moment, set out on once to put pressure upon his new-found victim. If the blackmailer selects the latter course, he fashions a batch of nettles into a bouquet which he sends to his victim. He says it with flowers. The nettles are delivered to the newly-enrolled victim as notice that he is in constant danger of attack from evil spirits and that his new protector—if he fails to pay—will roast the token he holds of his body in the evil fire.

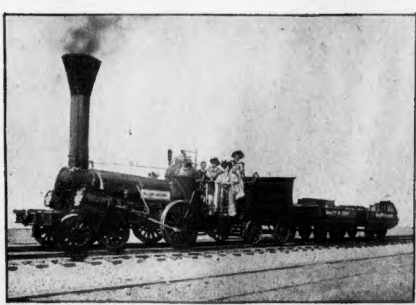
Oddest Settlement In the Country

LITTLE Tangier Island in Chesapeake Bay, just 12 miles by boat from Crisfield, Maryland, probably is the oddest community in this country. Tangier is part of Virginia, but it seems to belong to another world. It has only one street, and that is a narrow dirt road, 10 feet wide. It has no telephones. There is an ordinance against automobiles. It has no horses or wagons and the largest vehicle in the place is a pushcart. The men fish for the food which the people eat and sell. The people of Tangier subsist almost entirely on fish, oysters and clams; they seldom have any red meat or potatoes. Some of the inhabitants have a few geese, ducks and chickens, but only one cow is to be found on the entire island. Tangier was discovered and named in 1608 by Captain John Smith. He bought it from the Indians and from that time to this it has been a purely English settlement. All the inhabitants are Methodists. The most popular book is the Bible, and until recently church-going was compulsory. The young men and women marry at an early age and so many cousins have married cousins that about one-third of the 1500 inhabitants answer to the name of Crockett. All the houses on the island are made of wood and are painted in bright colors. In the front yards, protected by the white-washed fences, are the modest flower-beds and the burial grounds. Tangier Island is so tiny that the inhabitants bury their dead in their own dooryards. The men on the island are tall, strong and tanned. The women are very fair of skin. They are a quiet people, extremely sensitive and not hospitable to strangers.



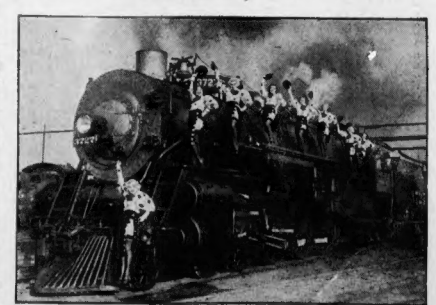
Miss Louise Sims, Wearing an Attractive Towel Head-dress. She Is the Latest of the Epstein Models and Doesn't Forget the Sculptor's "Brutalization" in Clay and Bronze of Her Face. At the Right Is a Sample of Epstein's Portraiture. It Represents His Conception of the Pretty Model.

How the "Iron Horse" Has Grown Since the First 6-Wheel Locomotive



One of the First Six-Wheel Locomotives. It Was Built in 1837 by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and Hauled the First Special Train to Be Chartersed.

THE history and the romance of America is, in the mind of more than one historian, linked up with the story of the country's railroads, with the network of tracks that stretches from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And the economic progress of the nation can, in a way, be traced in the many and steadily improved types of locomotive—the "iron horse"—which, in about a century, has grown from a small, upright boiler on wheels to a mechanical marvel of size, speed and power. Just how the "iron horse" has grown up in a little less than a hundred years is graphically shown in the two photographs at the bottom of this page. The curious looking contraption at the left made history back in 1837 because it was one of the first horizontal boiler locomotives to puff and rattle over the rails in its maiden run. It created a nine-day sensation and people traveled miles just to get a look at this incredibly fast and powerful machine that could pull four or five cars loaded with passengers or freight. The few citizens who were permitted to ride behind this primitive "iron horse" experienced as much of a thrill as modern Americans taking their first flight in an airplane or a dirigible. If anyone had predicted, back in 1837 that the "iron horse" would become a mechanical monster, weighing more than 400 tons and measuring more than 100 feet long, his neighbors would have looked upon him as the unfortunate victim of wild and impossible dreams. But the locomotive shown in the picture at the right of the page is such a "wild dream" come true. Instead of two driving wheels—which the 1837 model had—this has eight driving wheels and eight other wheels besides. The back of this modern "iron horse" stands three times as high as the top of a man's head and it can pull a dozen steel coaches filled with passengers over the rails at mile-a-minute speed. The "iron horse" has grown far beyond anything that the people of a century ago dreamed and it has played an indispensable role in the progress of America. But necessary as the locomotive is today, there are prophets of the future who talk about a time, not so many years hence, when the modern locomotive will be as outmoded as the engines of 1837 are today.



This Great, Puffing Monster Is the Most Modern of Locomotives, and It Is Pulling a Special Train Filled With California Beauties to Washington.

Why Our Climate Is Slowly Becoming Tropical

Science Reads the History of Bygone Ages, as Written in the Rocks, Fossils and Bones of Ancient Animals, and Knows That Winter Ice and Snow Will Again Be Replaced by Tropical Palms and Animals, Once More in the Polar Seas

THE vast combination of natural forces that scientists call the "climatic pendulum" has started its backward swing on the North American continent. Some time in the future—not long as geologists and paleontologists reckon time, but long enough so that none now living needs lay in an extra supply of sun helmets—the climate of the United States will revert to the tropical as it was many centuries ago.

Once more tropical verdure will bloom in valleys and on hillsides where vegetation peculiar to the temperate zone has prevailed for hundreds of centuries. Tropical animals and insects will reappear.

Authority for the theory that the climatic pendulum is swinging back to the tropical is Professor Ralph W. Chaney, chairman of the Department of Paleontology at the University of California, and research associate of the Carnegie Institution in Washington, D. C. Professor Chaney declined to commit himself as to when the anticipated reversion will be completed, but estimated it—and he emphasized that it is a mere estimate—at about 50,000,000 years. For the assertion that the change is under way, however, the scientist adduced a mass of detailed evidence, collected over a period of years and on several continents.

In brief, Professor Chaney says that the climatic cycle swings in a majestic arc requiring many million years to complete. Tropical climate prevailed here 100,000,000 years ago. Then the cooling-off process began. In the course of the centuries the climate became temperate, then arctic. Now the pendulum is swinging back, and in perhaps another 50,000,000 years or so it will have returned to the starting point of the cycle—tropical climate.

The cyclic changes, according to the scientist, are disclosed in a minute study of fossil leaves preserved in sediments hardened to solid rock. Added to these are evidences of the existence of glacial formations indicating the presence of the Ice Age at one time. After years of study, Chaney says, the distant ages before man lived upon the earth and with actual field study of the conditions of the world, Professor Chaney has arrived at these conclusions.

One hundred million years ago most of the shore line on the Pacific coast (which he has especially studied) was elevated, and the hills and mountains miles inland were but islands of tropical vegetation and temperature. Then the cold area began which developed into the Ice Age, at its peak about one million years back. Evidence has been uncovered showing that the Pacific coast as far south as Sanja Barrens had the climate now existing in Alaska and Siberia. Other scientific observations show the same climatic changes on the Atlantic coast as far down as Florida.

and mud which bordered the ancient streams and lakes. These fossil leaves differ in appearance from those of the trees which once ranged much further north. The tapir and the tree-sloth which are today limited to forests near the Equator have left a record of their former presence in North America—petrified bones which tell of their wanderings far to the north of their present home. The abundance of alligators and large lizards is suggestive of the age of reptiles, when dinosaurs were widespread as far as Canada and Mongolia, as shown by the skeletons of these animals which are preserved in the rocks of that ancient day.

"Not only the trees but the animals of South and Central America have at the present time a close similarity to those which once ranged much further north. The tapir and the tree-sloth which are today limited to forests near the Equator have left a record of their former presence in North America—petrified bones which tell of their wanderings far to the north of their present home. The abundance of alligators and large lizards is suggestive of the age of reptiles, when dinosaurs were widespread as far as Canada and Mongolia, as shown by the skeletons of these animals which are preserved in the rocks of that ancient day.

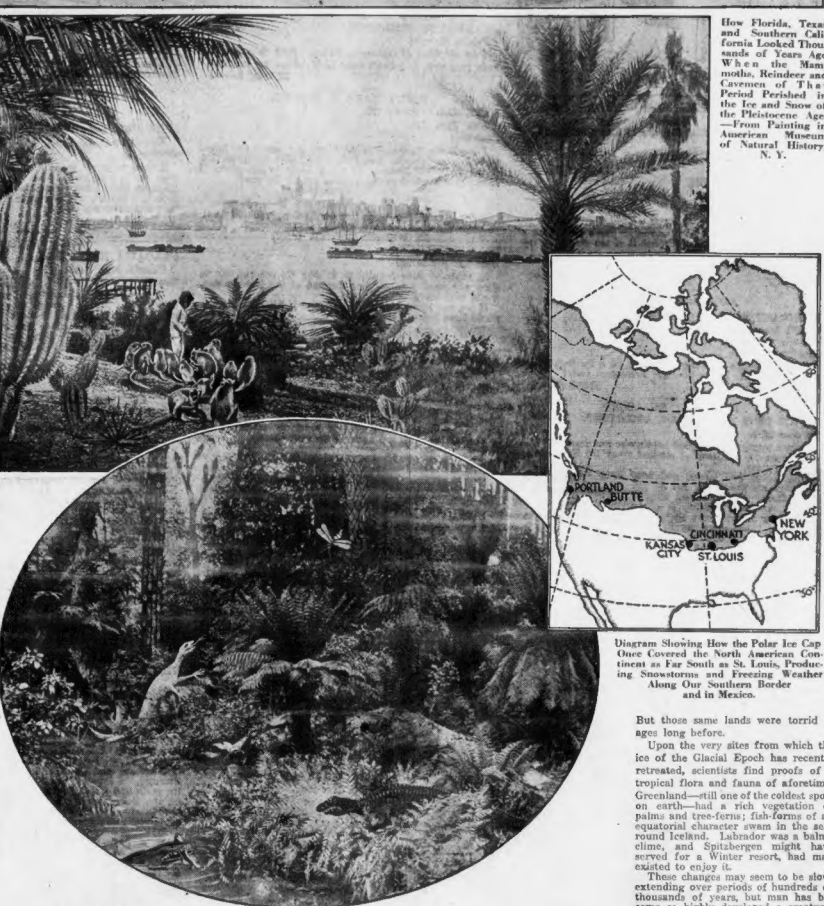
"The tall oaks of the mountain forests in Central America, with a mixture of laurel and fig like that of the fossil forest, give a picture of the past which has endured down to the present in Costa Rica and Guatemala, a picture of California and Oregon as they may be once more if warm ocean currents and winds return to make more hospitable the northern borders of the Pacific.

Just what were the causes of these gradual climatic changes is a difficult question, and the variations in the amount of heat given off by the sun or in the insulating power of the atmosphere, shifting in position of continental masses with a resultant alteration of currents of water and air—all these may have contributed. The fact of climatic changes is fully demonstrated by the fossil remains of the forests, and the animals which lived in them, to the only part of the world where suitable conditions of temperature and moisture still exist.

"Thick layers of volcanic sediment, now compacted into solid rock, are widespread on the borders of the Pacific, and the hills and mountains miles inland were but islands of tropical vegetation and temperature. Then the cold area began which developed into the Ice Age, at its peak about one million years back. Evidence has been uncovered showing that the Pacific coast as far south as Sanja Barrens had the climate now existing in Alaska and Siberia. Other scientific observations show the same climatic changes on the Atlantic coast as far down as Florida.

The cold peak has long since been passed and eventually the United States will again be in a tropical zone. In further explanation, Professor Chaney said: "Millions of years ago there lived in western North America a forest wholly unlike any now to be found there. The trees of this forest have long since disappeared, but prints of leaves have been left where they fell on the sand

The Gradual Increase of Temperature of New York City or San Francisco or Cities Farther North Will Eventually Produce a Climate Where Palms, Cactus and Even Monkeys and Tropical Birds May Live in the Luxuriant Foliage.



Jungle Scene of the Paleocene Age, Which Will Be Repeated Again in Certain Sections of the Earth Which Are Now in the Temperate Zones But, of Course, Without a Return of the Strange Creatures of That Former Age.

as airplanes, the mammoth and the mastodon, the ferocious sabre-toothed tiger and all the other curious creatures that have become extinct will not be revived with the return of the tropical marshes and foliage which they were adapted to—they are gone forever.

It is not necessary to go back to prehistoric times for evidence that, recently, the world is growing warmer, not only in America, but all over the world. There is plenty of evidence in history. Going back to the Old Testament, one of the most ancient books existent, it is striking to notice the constant reference to "cold," "frost," and even to "snow." But snow and frost have been unknown in Palestine for thirty centuries.

The early Phoenician voyagers, trading to the south of England for tin, and trying to push their vessels to the northward, declared the region beyond Cornwall to be the Ultima Thule, beyond which no ships could go because of the fogs that hung over the year-long ice.

To Homer, the edge of the world was bounded by the frozen Grand Ocean, on the further side of which were ice and darkness, and whence came the freezing winds. The later Greeks despised the Boeotians for the reason that they dressed themselves in sheepskins, because of the bitter cold. Today, olive trees, figs

and pomegranates grow profusely in Boeotia.

The Romans regarded the plains of the Po, in the North of Italy, as almost uninhabitable, because of the terribly cold winds that swept down from the glaciers of the Alps, which, in those days, extended far into what is now one of the most fertile valleys of Europe.

In Norway, in the time of the Vikings, the dragon-ships were frozen in there for several months of the year. The Baltic was closed to navigation. Now, not only is every port in Southern Norway open all the year round, but there is even an ice-free port in Northern Russia, on the Murman Coast of the Arctic Ocean.

Those who have read the History of the Crusades will recall the sufferings endured by those who went overland to Constantinople, the rigor of travel in Central Europe then being comparable to that in Siberia. In a palace at Venice, where is to be found a large series of pictures portraying the popular festivals and sports during the times of the Doges, several of these paintings represent winter carnivals on the frozen Grand Canal. Not often do the gondoliers of today see ice.

Erasmus, visiting England in the fifteenth century, wrote to his friends in Holland that England was even colder than the Netherlands, and that he found it necessary to dress in furs the

greater portion of the year. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century it was one of the annual festivals of the citizens of London to roast an ox whole upon the ice of the Thames. Even in the memories of people now living, there were several weeks of skating every winter in the south of England. Now the ice-skate is becoming a thing of the past.

Hudson was barely able to reach Spitzbergen and was frozen in there today a regular line of steamers takes soft coal from the mines on that island. Only by heroic efforts could the same navigator enter Davis Strait; two centuries later the Hudson's Bay Company maintained an annual fur fleet through the same straits; today there is a regular steamer service, and a railroad has been built in Northern Canada through the Pass to the shores of Hudson Bay.

All these changes are much more recent than those which Professor Chaney describes. They may be only temporary. Some geologists think that the great Ice Age of a million years ago is not yet quite over and may return. But no geologist doubts that somehow or other the world's climate changes.

The facts are clear and the evidence is overwhelming. What then are the causes?

Geology reveals that alternations of great heat and great cold have been earth's portion ever since the world began. Lands are growing warmer which once were ice-shrouded, true.

How Florida, Texas and Southern California Looked Thousands of Years Ago When the Mammoths, Reindeer and Caribou of That Period Perished in the Ice and Snow of the Pleistocene Age.—From Painting in American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.



Diagram Showing How the Polar Ice Cap Once Covered the North American Continent as Far South as St. Louis, Producing Snowstorms and Freezing Weather Along Our Southern Border and in Mexico.

But those same lands were torrid in ages long before.

Upon the very sites from which the ice of the Glacial Epoch has recently retreated, scientists find proofs of a tropical flora and fauna of a former time. Greenland—still one of the coldest spots on earth—had a rich vegetation of palms and tree-ferns; fish-farms of an equatorial character swam in the seas round Iceland. Labrador was a balmy climate, and Spitzbergen might have served for a winter resort, had man existed to enjoy it.

These changes may seem to be slow, extending over periods of hundreds of thousands of years, but man has become so highly developed a creature, so extremely sensitive to the slightest alterations in his environment, that even small alterations in climate may have far-reaching results. Changes in temperature which would affect animals slightly, if they may have very great effects on the life of man. With a diminution of ten degrees of heat a year, the wheat fields of Canada and the Dakotas would wither; with ten degrees more, the Southern States would become uninhabitable. With an inches less of annual rainfall, the Painted Desert would stretch from the Rockies to the Mississippi.

A few more degrees of heat and New York City will be able to grow palms in Central Park, while the banks of the Hudson will be clothed with semi-tropical plants in which will fit the gay birds of the tropics and monkeys may even swing from the branches.

That the whole world is growing warmer is matter for satisfaction, for the equalization of temperature extends the area of land available for cultivation, brings more rain into the dry places of the earth, increases the food supply and eases the rigor of those regions where the climate is too severe.

But in the long distant future, the pendulum will swing towards cold again. Not, however, until the mountains have been eroded and elevated again, not until after orchids have flourished in the Antarctic Continent, and coral-fishes have swum in the ice seas. For hundreds of thousands of years to come, in the temperate zones man may look forward to a milder climate and an easier time.



"Ship At Once a Half-Dozen Extra Heavy Oak Chairs."
(From "Dumb Belles-Letters," Copyright, 1933, by Juliet Lowell.)

NEXT SIZE LARGER, OF COURSE.
CHARLES OF LONDON,
52 East 57th Street,
New York City.

Gentlemen:
When I was in New York the other day I sent home a Louis XIV bed. I now find that it is too short for my husband.
Please send a Louis XIV at once. Very truly yours,
HELEN C—

HOW DOES HE FEEL?
WEINGARTEN BROS. CORSET CO.,
159 Madison Avenue,
New York, New York.

Gentlemen:
It is moral for a young girl to go to a dance, without corsets when she knows how her sweetheart feels?
ELISE B—

SPECIALLY QUALIFIED.
OFFICE OF G. L. KAUFMAN, ARCHITECT.
My dear Sirs:

I am a young man of good habits who can draw well and want to be an architect. I studied under my Father who is a Carpenter.
besides I am too young for a real affair. I am married to my Art alone and faithful.
I wonder if you have an opening where I can adapt myself. I think architects are wonderful, so educated and all but I know that only comes with time and piety.
Respectfully yours,
ABE L—

CONVINCING TESTIMONIAL.
MARION, ARK.
GEORGE WASHINGTON COFFEE,
Morris Plains, New Jersey.
Dear Sir:

Received your sample of coffee and think it is fine. My boy friend called this evening and I made a cup for him. It must be very good coffee because he kissed me twice before he went home after he had the coffee. If that is a sample, let me have two cans. Money order is enclosed. Please rush.
SYLVIA M—

SEEING A VOICE.
MR. H. V. KALTENBORN,
Radio Station WABC,
New York, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Kaltenborn:

I never had a greater surprise than when I saw you on the Town Hall platform yesterday. I don't think anyone could look more unlike the way you talk. You sound English and you look German. You talk like a small man and you are quite large. When your voice comes through my loud speaker it sounds so happy as to make me feel sorry for your wife—if you have one—yet on the stage, especially when answering questions, you sounded and acted as though you were very good-natured. Seeing a voice turned out to be quite an adventure.
EDITH H—

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.
A. J. CHILDS & SONS, MAIL ORDER HOUSE,
St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen:

Would you kindly ship me at once a half-dozen extra heavy oak chairs, as you shipped three years ago last September. This is a mighty good chair and terribly hard in a fight.
Yours,
CHARLES D—

A VOICE FROM ARKANSAS.
E—, Ark., November 20, 1928.
C. S. HAMMOND & CO.,
Brookline, N. Y.
Gentlemen:

We have your communication, noting all very carefully, and must advise that we do not want your globe; just the Bible is all we need in Arkansas. Don't you dam fools know that the earth is as flat as a sheet of paper? Why do you smart New Yorker's try and learn us things? Shucks! hood below that we good stand on a round world and that the ocean would spill over.
Arkansas has passed a law to do away with all this stuff about round science and science and one up your globes would look like a witch at a witch burning.
Dam you
JIM S—

Some "Dumb-De" Letters

Another Batch of Genuine Literary Curiosities Taken From the Letter Files of Many Business Firms Here and There

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY recently printed an amusing page of "Dumb-De" letters taken from the files of business firms, some of them as funny as the stage comedians ever invented. They were genuine, unconscious in their humor, and were from a book published by Simon and Schuster, New York, and edited and copyrighted by Miss Juliet Lowell.

That page aroused much interest and many letters have been received from readers of *The American Weekly* asking for another batch.

DYING BEYOND HIS MEANS.
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
Palma, Majorca.
I am thinking of coming to Palma. How cheaply can a body pass away? I don't want to die above my means.
EDWIN L—

MIGHT TAKE A CHANCE.
NATIONAL SURETY CO.,
New York City.
Dear Sir:

I see in the Times—Pyoune where you are in the kneed of Salemen, for my firm, I am a lady with my Own Car. Is the Work for Ladies, or can a Lady do the work. I have never handled goods, or been out on the road.
Yours truly?
B— M—

S. F.—Even if the work lent for Ladies maybe I'll do it.
IN WRONG EITHER WAY.
RAILROAD,
Dear Mr. President:

In reply to your inquiry as to why we use red ink to show our small net profit at the end of the last quarter, would advise as follows:
If we had spent money to purchase black ink, then we would have been in the red.
ALBERT J—
Treasurer.

UNIVERSAL TABLE TOOL.
LAMPSON & GOODNOW MANUFACTURING CO.,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.
Gentlemen:

I have cut out of your catalog picture of a knife, which I like your wide blade and will therefore hold more beans than any other. This is what my customers want. Therefore send me seven dozen, as the lumber mills are opening up very shortly.
Respectfully yours,
JONES GENERAL STORE.

EMBARRASSING BLESSING.
EASTMAN KODAK STORES,
Sirs, Dear Sirs:
I was much sorry to hear from you saying the 1 dozen film of my cod order had been go back to your store, account no pay.

Yes, it was my fault indeed, but I respectfully ask you for any apology of the unexpected incident. It was when my wife gave birth to twins in the hospital, so I was so sick could never go to the postoffice.
How can you excuse me for this failure once in a while?
MARCELLO J—

TAKE ANOTHER TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.
Women's Club.
MRS. WM. STERN,
LECTURER,
400 East 40th Street,
New York, New York.

My dear Mrs. Stern:
Will you kindly suggest a topic for our monthly group meetings? Last year we covered the history of the world, but we have run out of material.
Very truly yours,
ANNE D—

NO HURRY.
DR. GEORGE KOHUT,
Columbia Grammar School,
5 West 23rd Street,
New York, New York.

Dear Sir:
read a book 3 years ago, is it time yet to read another?
JENNIE L—

THE FEMINE POINT OF VIEW.
B. T. BABBITT, INC.,
New York City.
Dear Sir:

We see your ad which appeared in all papers. I think it is O. K. in everything except one thing that is in a while. Why always something for the men to look at. Don't you think we want to see things that would interest us. Change it around one week, so one week a man emerges from the tub and then a woman, or both together for a change.
MRS. ANXIOUS TO SEE SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

FIXING THE BLAME.
TROPICAL PAINT & OIL COMPANY,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Dear Sir:

Your point is no good. I put some on a bench and my daughters beat on it and got his Sunday suit all green. Now he's mad and I still have Satus on my hands. I put it on the shutters and my wife's lace curtain blew against them and she gave me the devil and I got to buy her a new pair. Your dam paint has caused me a lot of trouble and now you say you'll use me if I don't pay for it. I tell you your paints no good and I'm getting madder every minute.
HENRY M—

Miss Juliet Lowell, who compiled the book "Dumb Belles-Letters, Lullalooos from the Morning Mail," has recently returned from a trip around the world and she has nearly 2,000 letters she collected here and there from the files of business firms. Many of these letters were not included in her book. On this page today are a few from the amusing volume and many which there was not room for in the book. Some of the illustrations in "Dumb Belles-Letters" by the well known comic artist Soglow are reproduced on this page. The letters printed below are copyrighted by Miss Lowell.

ONE SMELL OR ANOTHER.
COLGATE & COMPANY,
New Jersey.
Gentlemen:

Please send me three bars of your soap. If I do not use your soap soon, will have to use perfume.
Truly,
ANDREW J—

SENSIBLE.
Oklahoma, June 29, 1932.
NEW ORLEANS COMMERCE,
New Orleans, La.
Gentlemen:

I want to know some good life insured company that I may join before I go to sleep I read a chapter about draw on while I am living not when I am dead. My wife took in a border. Why should I pay for insurance so that they can enjoy my death.
Truly,
J— M—

VIVID IMAGINATION.
FRAGARIA NURSERIES,
Paluski, New York.
Gentlemen:

I am an old lady and spend most of my time at home. Every night before I go to sleep I read a chapter about strawberries from your advertising booklet. "Farmer on the Strawberry." It does me a lot of good for in that way I do not have to take laxatives.
Thought you would like to know about this for it may help others.
Very truly yours,
MRS. ANNA G—

LET THE MACHINE MAKE THE CORN.
BURCH MFG. CO.,
Kansas City, Mo.
Meester Machine me for writing to strangers, but now I don't know nobody what works on the typewriter except John. This is foreman, and he died last Sunday. I left my pants on the train and I lost your name on the ticket, so I asked you about them. This time I worked all Winter and I got money so I bought a suit in Aberdeen and wear it home so they don't know me, and the extra pants was in a box and I left them in your suit when I got off. I don't need them for a long time, but maybe I'm going to put them away for next year. We got rural delivery now so send them by the postoffice. I got to mail this now.
HERBERT M—

WANTS HIS EXTRA PANTS.
Carmine, South Dakota.
MR. DIXON, GENERAL PASS-
ENGER AGENT,
Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific R. R. Co.
Dear Sir:

Please excuse me for writing to strangers, but now I don't know anybody what works on the typewriter except John. This is foreman, and he died last Sunday. I left my pants on the train and I lost your name on the ticket, so I asked you about them. This time I worked all Winter and I got money so I bought a suit in Aberdeen and wear it home so they don't know me, and the extra pants was in a box and I left them in your suit when I got off. I don't need them for a long time, but maybe I'm going to put them away for next year. We got rural delivery now so send them by the postoffice. I got to mail this now.
HERBERT M—

A LITTLE NOT SO GOOD.
Bremen, Germany.
SWIFT & CO.,
Chicago, Ill.
Sehr Gehehrer Mr. Landis:

Excuse I write you with no introduce but I in the news read you represent big meat interest, and I am sorry to hear you have decided to drop these pig-saw puzzles for the present, as I would have liked to use pig-saw puzzles in checking the result of a radio broadcast as I mentioned. Knowing my own enjoyment in working pig-saw puzzles, I think if you had put out these pig-saw puzzles, you would find that all pig-saw puzzle fans would have delighted in working your pig-saw puzzles, and if you decide later to offer any big-meat puzzles, please advise.
Most respectfully,
HEINRICH G—

BETWEEN PROHIBITION WENT OUT.
This reply was received by a dealer in jig-saw puzzles in answer to his letter wherein, through error, he referred to jig-saws as "jib-saws muzzles."
I thank you for yours of the 17th. We all know there is a tremendous craze right now for jig-saw puzzles, and I am sorry to hear you have decided to drop these pig-saw puzzles for the present, as I would have liked to use pig-saw puzzles in checking the result of a radio broadcast as I mentioned. Knowing my own enjoyment in working pig-saw puzzles, I think if you had put out these pig-saw puzzles, you would find that all pig-saw puzzle fans would have delighted in working your pig-saw puzzles, and if you decide later to offer any big-meat puzzles, please advise.
Very truly yours,
S. STANLEY J—



"I Am Married to My Art Alone."
(From "Dumb Belles-Letters," Copyright, 1933, by Juliet Lowell.)

THE OCCASION HAD PASSED.
WESTERN & SOUTHERN LIFE INS. CO.,
Cincinnati, O.
Dear Gentlemen:

I have thought it over and decided not to send you no more money on my husband John's policy which was due last mo. I reckon life ins is alright at times but I don't see no keeping John's policy no longer as John died 3 yrs ago & won't never need it now & I been hard up since. So please drop it and don't send no more bills.
Respectfully,
LILLY WALKER.

MIGHT TRY GOING WITHOUT THEM.
SAYA COLA, TAILOR,
28 West 57th Street,
New York, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Cola:

I have a perfect figure but clothes make my hips look big. What should I do?
MISS ELIZABETH G—

SLEEPING CAR ETIQUETTE.
Copy of letter received by W. D. Dixon, general passenger agent of the Milwaukee Road at Chicago, Ill.
North Dakota.

HEAD MAN.
Milwaukee Railroad,
Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir & Bro:

I been wanting to see my relations in Butte in Montana for a long time and I think I will go pretty soon now. One of the Oberg boys will drive me in the automobile to the railroad. I usually around nine or half past. Can I sit in the day coach until I get sleepy? and in the morning too as the train doesn't get to Butte until dinner time and I always get up pretty early. Course there won't be no chores but I ain't much of a hand to sleep late as I'll be wanting coffee. Send some train books too when you write. I mean business and I can pay my way.
Fraternally yours,
Signed, NED LIVINGSTON.

BUT IN THIS CASE—
MR. JAMES E. GREEN,
50 East 72nd Street,
New York City.
Dear Sir:

We would like you to speak next Tuesday on the subject of "The Inadvisability of Cutting Prices." As our Association has not enjoyed a good financial year, I would like you to come to us at one-half of what we gave you last season. Please do.
Thanking you in advance,
R. D—
Executive Secretary
N. Y. State..... Association

UNEXPECTED TESTIMONIAL.
Marshalltown, Iowa.
MID CONTINENT PETROLEUM CORP.,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.
Gentlemen:

I guess the laugh is on me, also your motor oil. I have had a large bald spot on the top of my head for 12 years. Tried everything. Nothing helped. One day I was working under my car bareheaded and got your motor oil on my head. Shortly afterward my hair started coming in at the top of my back. By golly, if it wasn't the motor oil that did it! You can't fool I was ever bald. My neighbors are all using it and I believe it will grow hair on the largest bald heads! How's that!
STANLEY R—

READY TO START RIGHT IN.
Pleasantville, California.
HONOLULU STREET CAR COMPANY
Honolulu, Hawaii.
Gents:

I took up the S— Correspondence Course of being a street car conductor. After one year they promise me and guarantee that I can any time get a job as street car conductor, and now I make demand to you for job as street car conductor. Tell me when I pick up my uniform and cap and when do I start.
Very truly yours,
F— R—
P. S.: Are your street cars horse or electric?

Trapped by the Blue Dress He Killed Her In?

Ingenious Mr. Nielsen, of Denmark, Almost Succeeded in the "Perfect Crime" the Danish Police Assert, Until Even More Ingenious Detective Work Brought All His Scheming to Nothing



Paul Nielsen Being Taken From His Apartment to Jail After His Alleged Confession.



A Fashion Sketch of the Blue Dress Which the Copenhagen Police Cleverly Duplicated to Shock the Suspected Murderer Into Confession.

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 27. EVEN the "perfect crime" can be beaten by perfect detective work.

The murder of Elina Nielsen, pretty little Fanoø island girl, who wanted to see the big city, was a "perfect crime," as police detectives of Copenhagen realized after months of patient investigation. The murderer had planned and executed his deed so skillfully that the evidence necessary to convict would never be found because it had been destroyed.

There was not a scrap of proof that Elina Nielsen was even dead, much less murdered. No case could have been more hopeless except for one thing. The "perfect crime" can always be made imperfect by a confession from the person who committed it.

Some people, tortured by a guilty conscience, are not very hard to lead into a confession, but the person the police had reason to suspect was a man of iron nerve and no conscience at all. It was Paul Nielsen, of the same name as the missing girl but no relation. He was, according to the Copenhagen police, a "white slave" and apparently connected with one of the international drug rings. But Paul Nielsen seemed to know that he was safe enough, and therefore endured the prolonged questioning by the detectives, untruffed. It was his questioner, not their suspect, who came out of those sessions, frustrated and with ragged nerves.

"We are hitting granite," they said, and finally gave up questioning him. But they did not give up the case without one more attempt upon which they staked everything.

collaboration with England's Scotland Yard, they wrote and staged an ingenious drama, with many actors, varied scenery and effects but an audience of just one, the hard-boiled Nielsen.

This play concocted by the detectives contained much that they knew was pure fiction but they hoped that certain other parts might be true. If these, too, proved to be fiction, their one-man audience would know it and laugh in their faces. But if it rang true to the only man who knew, then, when the big climax came, he might be surprised and startled that he would break down and confess.

The only facts they had to go on were these. Some two years ago, Elina Nielsen left her home on little Fanoø island, off the Danish coast. Life is quiet on Fanoø, where the few inhabitants live by fishing and sheep-raising. Elina might have been content to marry some local fisherman's boy, if occasional yachting parties had not excited over her good looks and prophesied that she had a great future on stage or screen.

At the age of eighteen, against the protests of her father and the belle of Fanoø went to Copenhagen. She did not realize how lucky she was to get an honest job, doing housework, the thing she had left home to escape, and, of course, she spent every bit of her wages on clothes. It was her theory that if she dressed up, her beauty would be recognized and she would be "discovered" by someone who would give her a career.

The first serious harm seems to have been done by women who dressed well, wore jewelry, fed, gay, lively, but whose morals would not stand investigation. These women told Elina that



The Copenhagen Music Hall Where Elina Was Last Seen Alive.

she was a little fool to slave at housework when some man would keep her in idle ease.

The misdeed came about a year ago when death broke up the household where the girl worked. Elina found that in the depression jobs were hard to get and she had spent all her pay on clothes. The island maiden now had to make a quick decision; either to go back to her dreary island or take the advice of the "smart" women.

Elina stayed, took the easiest way and six months later had been so completely destroyed that Danish and Scotland Yard detectives were unable ever to find so much as a tooth or a hair of her head. Whoever had disposed of Elina seemed to have achieved the "perfect crime" of fiction.

The easiest way was not so easy as it had looked. The depression by this time had reduced the number of men who could afford a more or less permanent love-nest. For that reason, Elina's luck was perhaps a little worse than usual at the start, forcing her to know many men, and soon she was reduced to picking them up at the big dance halls. There she fell under the power of Paul Nielsen, who, the police assert, took half the girl's money given to her by other men. She was, they say, a slave in terror of her very life.

Some stories got back that troubled the parents and presently they wrote her that they wished she would get married. To quiet them, she said she was keeping company with a nice man, named Paul Nielsen, and all that worried her father and mother was that the marriage day seemed indefinite.

Suddenly, one day, she returned to the island, dressed in a way that made the natives stare with wonder, also there were some black and blue spots on her neck to be explained. These, she said, had been made by a crazy



Elina Nielsen, the Unfortunate Girl Who, According to the Danish Police, Was Murdered by Paul Nielsen, and Her Body Cut Up and Buried.

stranger from whom Paul had rescued her. The truth, learned later by the police, was that Paul had caught her dancing with a rival and would have choked her to death but for the interference of waiters. In terror she had fled to the only safety she knew.

But Fanoø looked duller than ever and back she went, like a singed moth to the candle. During her brief visit she received several letters from Paul which, much to her parents' annoyance, she did not answer.

Shortly after her departure Elina's letters ceased. For a while the old folks worried and wondered until they were on the point of communicating with the authorities when a letter came in what they knew was Paul's handwriting. It was a noble, touching sort of letter, but it bore bad news. His daughter whom he had loved so dearly and hoped to marry was lost to him forever. She had run away with a man she liked better, an Englishman, named Owen. He was heartbroken.

As time passed, with no letters from England, the parents suspected, not Nielsen, but the Englishman, and finally they laid the matter before the Copenhagen authorities. Paul Nielsen's character was known to the police who advised him to tell it all and tell it right the first time. They had traced

When They Judged It Was Time to Play Their Ace, the Detectives Thrust Through the Curtains a Dummy, Made Up to Represent the Murdered Girl and Wearing a Copy of the Blue Dress Missing From Her Wardrobe; and They Say That Under the Shock Nielsen, the Suspect, Collapsed, Crying Out: "I killed her—yes, I killed her."

Elina to a music hall, the "Valencia," on the last night she had been seen alive. After she had left there she had never been seen again.

Nielsen's story at first seemed to have all the earmarks of truth. He admitted his real relation with Elina, and said that it was quite satisfactory to him until that Englishman got her away from him. Most people in lying to the police try to throw in as much truth as possible to impress them. The police found that there was, in fact, an Englishman, named Owen, and that he had met Elina a couple of times before she vanished. They requested Scotland Yard to find Owen and ask him a few questions.

The Englishman answered by coming to Copenhagen of his own volition. He said that there had been no thought of the girl leaving with him but that she had been in terror of her life from a man named Nielsen. Also, though Nielsen had said he knew Owen by sight, he failed to identify him when given a chance. The Danish police then decided to try their drama.

The opening scene was after the last of their fruitless questionings. Paul was dismissed with the information that they would need him only once more.

"You have now revealed where to find the last of the missing things," a detective told him. "What things?" asked Nielsen with a sneer.

"We will show them to you, as soon as they are assembled," the detective promised. Some two was in Nielsen's apartment which was visited by detectives and a middle-aged man in an overcoat, who did not look like a detective. This man merely watched while the others examined the stove and talked in whispers. Finally one of the detectives said:

"Doctor, let me see your data a moment." The "doctor" handed over a paper from his overcoat, and a little later they all, except Nielsen, went into another room, leaving the overcoat on a chair with the paper returned to its pocket. They figured he would lose no time in reading that paper, and read it he did as soon as they had withdrawn into the other room.

This paper stated that two teeth had been positively identified as those of Elina.

Ten days they let Nielsen think this over and then sent for him. The man looked as if he had lost a little weight but still seemed confident.

one. They had reasoned that this dress was the one worn by the girl at the time she was murdered and, if so, like everything else had probably been destroyed. Still the shock of seeing it, apparently materialized from its ashes, broke Nielsen down.

So they traced the dress, found that it had been imported from England, and they had gotten Scotland Yard to buy them a duplicate. This was all 100 per cent detective work of the kind found so often in novels but so little in real life.

Then they had taken the head of a dressmaker's dummy and repainted it into a fair resemblance of the dead girl. They draped the duplicated dress over a dummy pair of shoulders, and placed the head on top of it.

Suddenly, without warning, they pushed this head out between the folds of the curtains. Nielsen seemed to see before him the murdered girl, dressed exactly as she had been on the night of her death.

He half rose from his chair, eyes staring, while with terror, hands outstretched as though to push away the dreadful vision. He collapsed, crying, "I killed her—yes, I killed her."

That dress like all the rest of the exhibits had been a fake. Yet, according to the police, it had done its work as well as though it had been the real one.

In exhibiting it, the detectives had built even better than they knew. The one thing he had not destroyed, the police say he told them, was the dress. He had been about to do so when his daughter had found it in a closet and had asked him to let her wear it on a visit she was making to friends. He had allowed her to do so, but only after she had promised to burn it when she had returned. When he had seen a duplicate he had thought she had failed to do this, and that the police did indeed have the evidence to convict him.

Nielsen told the detectives, they assert, that he murdered Elina in his apartment because she was going to get away from him. He had burned most of the body in the stove. What he could not make burn he had taken out at night and fed to dogs.

So ended the first presentation of a rare real-life detective drama. It will have its second performance before a larger audience soon in court when Nielsen will be tried for Elina's murder.

Held For Murder Because Dog Barked At Him

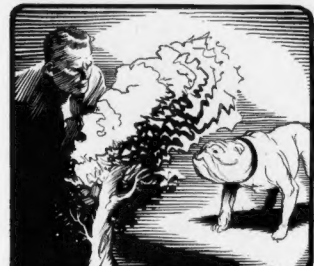
BECAUSE a dog barked at him, Joseph Laverdiere, a farmer of St. Michel de Naperville, Quebec, is charged with murdering his wife.

It wasn't his own dog that betrayed him, but an animal belonging to a neighbor. Probably his own dog would not have barked at him, as he crouched under the shrubbery outside his home, listening to what the police and members of his family had to say about him. But the visiting dog, not knowing him, set up a ferocious barking and caused his discovery.

When the wife of this 59-year-old Canadian farmer died recently, the police were made suspicious by the suddenness of her death and other circumstances connected with it. She had been a strong, healthy farm woman, who had had no recent illnesses, and she had died in agony after a sudden attack. Furthermore, no doctor had been called to try to save her.

The medical expert of the Province, whose duty it is to inquire into all such suspicious cases, performed an autopsy on the body of Mrs. Laverdiere. In her stomach he found fully a grain of strychnine, enough to have killed anyone instantly. It had been taken into her system in crystalline form in some sort of biscuit or cookie, which disguised the taste so she would not know she was taking poison.

The provincial police immediately set to work. They went to the Laverdiere farm and began a careful investigation. They got the family together in the living room and



The Police Heard the Dog Barking Outside the Farmhouse So Fiercely That It Annoyed Them. They Went Out and Finally Were Able to Hear the Mysterious Hiding Between the Shrubby and the Porch. His Mysterious Actions Resulted in His Arrest.

began questioning them about every detail of the woman's death and things that had happened beforehand.

All except Joseph Laverdiere, the father, were there, and when the police asked where he was they were told that he was very busy out on the farm somewhere, and they could question him later. When they went for him, nevertheless, they were told he had gone off to the nearby village of St. Michel de Naperville, to make a purchase of something he needed on the farm.

The police went along with their questioning of his children. His sixteen-year-old son, Paul, said he remembered there had been a bottle of strychnine in the house, but after his mother's death it had disappeared. The strychnine had been used for killing rats around the farm, Paul said. One day his father had sent him to get the bottle, but then had changed his mind, saying that Paul was too young a lad to be entrusted with such dangerous stuff, and had then gone and got the bottle himself.

Leo, another son, also remembered the day his father had sent Paul for the strychnine bottle. When the police asked Leo whether his father and mother had quarreled about anything, he said they had not, as a rule, except that when Laverdiere had been drinking he often used to make threats against his wife. Leo also said that the bottle of strychnine had disappeared since his mother's death, and he did not know where it had gone.

A daughter, Mrs. Leda Marcil, told the investigators she had seen her father hide the poison bottle in a box of tea. She said she had heard him threaten her mother only the day before she died. When her mother was taken violently ill, she said, she wanted to call a doctor but her father wouldn't let her.

"She's already dead," he told her. "There's no use to call a doctor now."

Her mother had complained, Leda said, that she had eaten a cookie and immediately afterward had felt very sick. There had been no special quarrel between her mother and father, the girl admitted, but she had often threatened him, and all of Laverdiere's children and his grandchildren as well were afraid of him.

It was while this questioning was going on that the police heard the dog barking outside the farmhouse. At first they paid no attention to it, but the dog barked at furiously and was so close to the house that it annoyed them and they went out to chase the animal away. As soon as they had gone back into the house to ask more questions, the dog returned, and again started barking so excitedly that the police could hardly hear the answers that were made to them.

Officers went out again to chase the dog away, and found that he was working at someone hidden between the porch and several clumps of shrubbery. They dragged this person out and saw that it was Laverdiere. Instead of being away in the village out on a errand, he had been eavesdropping to see what the members of his family were telling the officers about him. The police felt this was sure evidence of the farmer's guilt and they arrested him.

Had it not been for the excited barking of the neighbor's dog Laverdiere might have escaped, or he might not have been so readily suspected of his wife's murder. After all, the evidence against him was circumstantial, and he might have set up the claim that the poisoning was accidental if he had not brought suspicion on himself by snooping around the house to listen.

At the preliminary hearing of Laverdiere the evidence given by his children to the officers was repeated, and the judge was convinced that it was damaging enough to hold him criminally responsible for his wife's death. He was held for trial at the next session of the higher court.

Meanwhile the neighbor's dog that was the cause of his undoing continued to visit around and bark at suspicious persons wherever he found them.

World Peace Team, He Invented War's Greatest Terrors

DR. ALFRED B. NOBEL, founder of the famous Nobel Peace Prize, was an ardent pacifist—and yet he made his millions out of war. The world's greatest manufacturer of armaments during his lifetime, he invented dynamite which sent thousands of men to their deaths in the World War. Yet he tried to atone for it by leaving his entire fortune for the furtherance of peace and humanitarianism.

Dr. Nobel, whose 100th birthday was celebrated in Sweden recently, established the peace award as a protest to the war use of his creation. His most cherished dream was to insure perpetual peace. The father of modern warfare, Nobel believed that when the terror of his explosives was realized the civilized world would recoil in horror and dread and his armies.

In an explosion in Sweden, Nobel lost his own brother. Yet he persevered with the study of powerful and death dealing explosives. During the nineteenth century he was looked upon as an enigma. Facing up to tremendous fortune out of his inventions, he was bitter against all wars and set himself the task of nullifying the dreadful effects of products of his own factories.

Nobel's inventions not only made modern warfare possible but developed this age of engineering. Dynamite and his later discovery of ballistite made it possible to quarry and excavate on a scale hitherto unknown. Mines could be opened up, roads built and canals cut at a rate once believed impossible. It made the Panama Canal possible and excavated the Siphon Tunnel in the Alps. Blasting under water was unknown until Nobel invented his patent detonator.

Nitro-glycerine, originally invented by Sobrero, was in its early days an oily liquid, stored in tin cans. The manufacture and transport of this explosive was fraught with danger. Disasters were always occurring when one of the tin cans was accidentally ignited. In one such explosion Nobel lost his brother. Nobel set himself the task of improving on the explosive, making it more powerful and at the same time less dangerous to handle. He absorbed his nitro-glycerine in a kind of porous clay called kieselguhr and marketed it as Nobel safety powder. It later became known as dynamite.

In his efforts to make nitro-glycerine more powerful he enclosed some gunpowder in a small glass tube, placed the tube inside the nitro-glycerine and then fired the gunpowder with a fuse. The detonating powder gave the nitro-glycerine its explosive impulse. Technically, the detonator was an enormous stride. It paved the way for an era of construction and engineering as well as for an era of destruction and armaments.

In seeking still more powerful explosives Nobel invented ballistite, which, it is said, revolutionized the entire

art of warfare. In concocting this explosive Nobel mixed nitro-glycerine and another explosive called nitro-cellulose, which is the basis of artificial silk. This he called blasting gelatine. Then he treated this gelatine with collodion and obtained a smokeless powder which he called ballistite.

Soon after the appearance of ballistite the British government, which had been working in conjunction with Nobel, patented cordite, which closely resembled ballistite in formula and which Nobel considered an infringement of his patent. The parties agreed to bring the matter to the courts in a so-called "friendly suit" which eventually cost Nobel \$150,000 and left the government with the right to manufacture cordite.

But in spite of set-backs and lawsuits Nobel never swerved from his ideal of international peace. Forty years ago he developed a plan for insuring perpetual peace. The interest of his fortune of nearly ten million dollars for the furtherance of peace and confidence, he made the following provisions:

The said interest shall be divided into five equal amounts, to be apportioned as follows: One share to the person who shall have made the most important discovery in the domain of physiology or medicine.

One share to the person who shall have produced in the field of literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency; one share to the person who shall have made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physics.

One share to the person who shall have made the most important chemical improvement and one share to the person who shall have made or best promoted the fraternity of nations and the abolishment or diminution of standing armies and the formation of peace congresses.

About 150 Nobel prizes have already been awarded. Their value varies with the income of the fund. This year they are to be \$31,000 each. The 1933 Nobel prize for literature has already been awarded to the Russian author, Ivan Bunin. The late John Galsworthy was awarded the 1932 prize and Sinclair Lewis won the 1930.

Mrs. Jane Addams, founder of Hull House in Chicago, and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler were joint recipients of the 1931 Nobel Peace Prize. Mrs. Addams used her share of the money in furthering the activities of the Women's International League for Peace, of which she has been president for seventeen years. Other Americans who have received the Nobel Prize are Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, Woodrow Wilson, Charles G. Dawes and Frank B. Rowland.

Only one person has twice won the most coveted Nobel prize and that was a woman, Mrs. Marie Curie, who was given the prize for chemistry in 1911 and together with her husband the prize for physics in 1903.

One share to the person who shall have made the most important chemical improvement and one share to the person who shall have made or best promoted the fraternity of nations and the abolishment or diminution of standing armies and the formation of peace congresses.

One share to the person who shall have produced in the field of literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency; one share to the person who shall have made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physics.

One share to the person who shall have made the most important chemical improvement and one share to the person who shall have made or best promoted the fraternity of nations and the abolishment or diminution of standing armies and the formation of peace congresses.

Not Outside Supplies For Canadian Farms

CANADIAN farmers can't afford to buy such luxuries as all-wool clothing, leather-upholstered furniture and hooked rugs—but they can make their own. Better still, they can sell all they can't use themselves, and make a neat profit out of the long Winter evenings. The Department of Agriculture in Quebec has found that the thrifty country people of that Province, instead of moaning about the depression, have been turning it to their own advantage and "making hay" while the sun wasn't shining.

Over 300,000 people in 50,000 farm families in Quebec have as good "live at home" entirely, getting everything that they need to eat and making everything else they have to have. Farmers who used to throw away their cowhides or sell them for very little, have learned how to tan leather now and can make clothing of it and upholstery for good furniture. Their wives have gone into the attic and brought out the looms and spinning wheels of their ancestors, and now the Quebec farmer wears a home-made all-wool suit that costs him just five dollars. From 70 pounds of wool an suit can be woven, which in well-order houses or city stores would cost about \$250. If she doesn't want to make it up into clothing, the farmer's wife finds a ready market in the city for this home-woven woolen cloth.

Rugs, carpets, blankets and many other articles that bring good prices in the city are spun, woven and dyed by farm women in their spare time. The farmers are making their own vegetable dyes because chemical dyes are so expensive to buy, and they have perfected over 200 kinds which chemists are forced to admit are as good as commercial dyes.

The Department of Agriculture in Quebec now has a School of Handicrafts in which these arts are taught, and teachers are also sent out to show farmers how to make the best use of their spinning wheels, looms and home furniture shops.

D. A. Berlan, of the Department was recently sent to Europe to see what was being done in this respect other there. He found that there has been the same kind of

revival of rural handicrafts in France, Belgium, Switzerland and part of Germany, but nowhere has the plan been worked out with the aid of the government as well as it has been in Quebec.

"Every year exhibitions of handicrafts are held in Montreal and Toronto," says Mr. Berlan. "And furniture, carpets, hooked rugs and woven cloth from the farms find ready buyers among the city dwellers."

"The long Quebec Winters are thus spent profitably by farmers, their wives and children, and we notice not so many sons and daughters are leaving the farms for the cities now. They can get most of their luxuries they want from their own farms, and they are content to stay at home."

"We find that the farmers and their wives and children who have not taught themselves by experiment how to produce these articles of home handicraft are eager to learn from our instructors. They take lessons in spinning, weaving and the manufacture and use of home-made dyes the making of home-made carpets, hooked rugs—which are rightly regarded as a rarity and a luxury in the city—in tanning the leather that formerly brought in no profit, in furniture making and in many other useful things which we teach them."

"The reason these things are so high-priced in city markets is that if they are to be superior to machine-made goods they must be made by hand, which takes a lot of time and labor. But time is the very thing that makes the difference between the world-wide depression and if that is so the machine age is working to defeat itself by bringing back the very thing it at first discarded—home handicrafts."

"The Canadian farmer has learned the true value of his farm, but it took a world depression to teach him."

We Because They Hated Each Other

"WE married because we hated each other!" This was the explanation a couple recently gave in asking for a divorce in a French court.

Instead of the usual reason for divorce which culminates in matrimony, this couple admitted they married out of bitter hatred and a strong desire for revenge on each other. It was by being legally tied to each other that each felt life could be made most unbearable for the other. After sixteen years of punishment both parties are ready to call quits and are asking for release from the union of hate. They were exhausted from sleepless nights, days filled with mean little tricks like spilling hot coffee on each other, and occasionally breaking up the furniture—in free-for-all battling.

The marriage has been a race to see which could think up more cruel and vile acts. Both have suffered. But each has had the satisfaction of seeing the other humiliated and hurt almost beyond human endurance.

It is not possible to give the names of the couple for the reason that the French courts frown on publicity of this kind in relation to matrimonial cases; but the facts are set out clearly in the affidavits put in by the man and his wife. The man in the case is a former army doctor and the mutual hate between the couple that brought them together in this strange union was born during the war. The woman claims that her present husband sent the man she loved to his death by certifying that he was fit for service.



The Days of the Wedded Life of the Couple Joined by Fierce Hatred Were Filled With Amusing, Well as Heated Scenes, Such as the Pouring of Hot Coffee Down Each Others' Necks, and Playfully Tossing Pieces of Furniture as Missiles.

According to the story which came out in court the doctor made advances to the woman after her lover was sent to the front. They were rejected. He vowed then that he would revenge himself. A few months later his chance came.

The woman's lover came back badly wounded. The doctor was the official specified by the government to decide whether or not the man was fit to go back to the front. Knowing that this would hurt the woman who had spurned him, he made out a report in which he stated that the man was well enough to return to duty. Shortly after that the woman received word that her lover had been killed at the front. This was in 1916. A year later the doctor renewed his advances. This time the woman responded and shortly after they were married.

Then began the marriage which has existed all these years on retribution and revenge rather than love. The woman never has forgotten for a minute that the man she married was the cause of her sweetheart's death. The doctor never had been able to forget that this was the woman who spurned him. Daily he has tried to make her pay for the blow she dealt his manly pride.

When the case came before the judge, he, in accordance with the usual procedure of French courts in divorce cases, attempted to effect a reconciliation.

"You loved each other once, didn't you?" he asked the "estranged couple." This question usually has the effect of softening the most embittered husband and wife. But in this case he was astonished by the emphatic denial which both put forth.

"I have hated this man from the first minute I saw him," the woman explained to the astonished judge. "He is a fiend in human form. I married him because I thought that by so doing I could make his life unbearable. I wanted to revenge myself on him for sending to his death the man I truly loved. Because I would have nothing to do with him when my lover died at the front, he bid me time to get back at me. In the end an innocent party was the victim of his jealousy and hurt pride. I determined to make him suffer for that act. I have tried to make his life so miserable that he would wish for the death he dealt out to the man I cared for."

The doctor admitted that she had won her point. For sixteen years she has turned his life into a nightmare. He never did the man an opportunity to hurt, hostile and infuriate him.

"I married her because she scorned me and it was the only way I could get my self-esteem back," the doctor said. "I wanted to prove to her and to myself that she was inferior and in my power. She was my prize to be won. I have had nothing but contempt and hatred for her. I have done everything I could to humiliate and hurt her."

The doctor confessed, however, that the woman had gotten the best of this strange match as she made him suffer more than he had been able to make her suffer. Both, however, wished to be free of the bondage which held them. They pleaded with the judge to grant them a divorce that they might once more resume the normal course of their lives.

The judge handed down a decision advising the automatic dissolution of the union of hate.

The French divorce laws are very liberal in granting divorces in cases where reconciliation seems impossible, the usual grounds being injury to the health, which legally means "serious insults" offered by the wife to the husband or the husband to the wife. In the case of the army doctor and his wife there was no doubt of the "serious insults," for that is all they had given to each other for the past sixteen years. He was so sure that the man she had had been a daily occurrence on both sides, so the judge had no difficulty in dissolving the union.

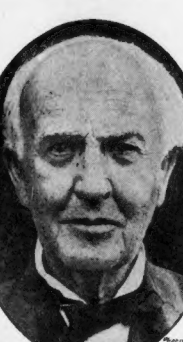
"Tells in His Radio on Heaven and Hears Angels"

Chicago "Observatory"
Accepts Messages, Like a
Telegraph Company, to Be
Delivered in the Celestial World

and Says It
Will Get an Answer
---"Interview" With
the Late Mr. Edison Which
Reveals
Very Little



The Operators of the "Super-Ultimate" Celestial Radio Point Out That Joan of Arc Heard Voices of Angels Which Instructed Her in Her Duty and Opened the Way to Victory for the French Armies.



The Late Thomas A. Edison Whose Reported Interview Is Given Below on This Page.



Mr. Baker and Mr. Fjellander Operating Their Celestial Radio Outfit Which, They Claim, Sends Messages to and Receives Messages From the Departed.

The World's Fair is closed for the winter, but Chicago still has something more extraordinary (in its claims) than anything offered at the great exhibition. It is a "super-ultimate" radio station, and the operators assert:

"We converse with angels who visit at appointed place, hours, any day! They answer every question serving good purposes! We have an instrument called the 'Logos Observatory,' to which thirty to seventy high astrals come daily at appointed dates and times, moving scientific apparatus, spelling answers to constructive, worthwhile questions asked on any subject. They give facts, explanations, truth, relations, modus operandi on unselfish problems."

The operators of this super-radio station that connects with the "astral bodies" in heaven are Mr. Hadrian H. Baker and Mr. E. Fjellander.

Mr. Baker has discovered, he explains, that the world of the departed, the "astral world," is well organized in thirteen spheres, or floors, like a gigantic apartment house. In Sphere No. 1, the lower level, are the wicked, and in Sphere No. 18 are the high-minded and noble. It is with the astral brothers and sisters in these spheres that the super-radio gets into connection, the operators assert. They have found out who is the supreme ruler of the thirteen spheres, and also have an important celestial correspondent named "The Divine Joe," and they have got in touch with "Mary, the soul companion of Jesus." Indeed, by a miracle, one night they received photographs of these astral correspondents and officials on a huge sheet of white cloth.

Both day and night the "super-ultimate" radio set purports to tune right into heaven itself, where souls of the departed obligingly come to the spiritual microphone, as well as some lower-class nupts, and even a few of the very highest members of the celestial aristocracy occasionally give out statements.

The late Thomas A. Edison was located in the fourth grade of Heaven, which is not very high considering that there are thirteen of them, but then souls are not graded according to their intelligence. With characteristic exactness, Mr. Edison stated that his stratum of Heaven was just 7,500 miles above the earth which the blessed souls call "Geokya." In order to maintain its position above the earth, Heaven must go flying round the sun at the rate of about nineteen miles a second, and astronomers must have been looking right through it all those years.

This remarkable set could much more easily tune into the lowest of the thirteen "planes," politely called "Hades," because this is much nearer the earth, but it doesn't get any results because nobody on that somewhat overcrowded "plane" will come to the "mike," though it is understood that they could. They are not. Some, naturally enough, are kept



Miracle Photograph of the Supreme Ruler of the Thirteen Spheres.



Photograph of Mary, Soul Companion of the Divine Jesus.



Miraculous Photograph of the Astral Body of Jesus.

away by pride. After a big, expensive funeral and a eulogy by the minister, the departed might well feel embarrassed to admit that after such a swell sendoff he had landed in such a humiliating place. But there seems to be another reason, so different from orthodox belief that one almost dreads to reveal it.

Instead of burning in fire and brimstone as everyone had supposed, it is solemnly stated that in this place where the wicked and worldly go, everyone is engaged in the pursuit of pleasure. Hades would seem to be a sort of endless night, club and whoopee party, so exciting that nobody will leave it long enough to tell their friends on old "Geokya" what a waste of a time they are having. Anyway it isn't right to advertise such a place.

This "limit of a sort" which is to be seen at the "Logos Observatory," 2733 South Parkway Ave., Chicago, has no tubes to burn out, nor aerial to fall down and it consumes no current except some high-voltage "spiritual magnetism" which does not cost anything. Skeptics have pointed out that there is only the word of "two gentlemen who operate the set, to show that it is not a fake. However, one of these is Mr. E. Fjellander, a former Baptist minister. There has been also the unkind suggestion that they are crazy. But Mr. Hadrian H. Baker, chief inventor and "psychic engineer," has papers to prove that he is legally sane because he was examined by a lunacy commission in connection with another matter.

On a recent Sunday, by previous appointment, the late Mr. Thomas A. Edison made his debut on the super-radio chain and talked to three women and three men, including Mr. Baker and Mr. Fjellander. According to the minutes later written up by Mr. Baker, the "interview" was as follows:

"The 'super-ultimate' also known as the 'astral' radio set, opens up like a small suit case and when closed looks like one. The outside is covered with patent leather. The lower half of it, when opened, discloses the keyboard which revolves like the one of the telegraph. The super-radio needs the presence of an operator. This is what the skeptics complain about, but a cello board has to be pushed around by human fingers, and many people accept its messages solemnly.

The keyboard is arranged in a semicircle, the letters starting with Z and ending with A. The wooden pointer, designed like the hand of a clock, moves the length of the keyboard—or letter distance—when pressure is brought to bear on the 12-inch bar of wood upon which the finger-tips rest. The middle portion of the operator's hands rests on a four-inch rubber-covered strip. Another padded strip just below the keyboard covers the mechanism that connects the pointer with the "magnetism" bar. High brother astrals (or angels) and lady astrals decorate the upper portion of the super-radio.

Then there is a marker for "yes," "no," "not for publication," "re-word question," "will not answer," and numerals from 0 to 9. At least the invention can be said to have advantages over the ordinary spiritualistic session. One does not have to put out the lights, hold hands, and throw the medium into a cataleptic fit by prolonged and awful singing. The Logos Observatory simply makes a date with the celestial personages to be interviewed and they are on hand with a punctuality worthy of spirits of the righteous. As already mentioned, one can't do a thing with that irresponsible Hades crowd, but then who wants to talk to such rowdy persons?

On a recent Sunday, by previous appointment, the late Mr. Thomas A. Edison made his debut on the super-radio chain and talked to three women and three men, including Mr. Baker and Mr. Fjellander. According to the minutes later written up by Mr. Baker, the "interview" was as follows: Mr. Fjellander and Lieutenant Gschwein were at the "console,"

standing, spelling His Name in symbol, solemn invocation.

6:21. High Astral Target Signal. "We arise and salute you high astral brothers. Is there anyone of special importance present this evening among you high astrals?"

(Astrals): "Yes, Thomas A. Edison."

(Logos): "We stand and salute you, Mr. Edison."

"Are you enjoying leisure where you now exist, Mr. Edison? We recall you only used to sleep about four hours nightly on earth."

6:28 (Mr. Edison): "We do not have night and day here and therefore do not need sleep or rest."

6:36. "Are your relations with your brother astrals amicable? Do the minds of your brother and sister astrals delight you? Most people seemed to bore you on earth."

6:38 (Mr. Edison): "We do not have any trouble here in choosing our friends—for automatically those who agree are drawn together and work together."

As he asked the questions, Mr. Baker wrote them down where he sat at a small table adjoining the operators. When the "answer" came through as Mr. Fjellander spelled out the words formulated by the jerkings of the wooden indicator, Mr. Baker wrote down the answers.

The "operators" remained almost motionless, their finger-tips touching the 12-inch bar whose slightest movement downward was followed by the jerkings of the indicator.

6:45 p. m. "Will you give us the names of some of your astral friends, Mr. Edison?"

Rather mysteriously Mr. Edison had to pause three minutes before answering this simple question. Then he remembered the names of Sir A. Conan Doyle and W. T. Stead.

It will be possible to inspire the ways and means to do so—just as the discovery of motors made airplanes possible. Likewise, power to run the planets' machinery will be taken from the air and sun after these three preceding inventions are established."

"Do you mean, Mr. Edison, radio will do this marvelous work in the near future?"

Edison: "Yes."

7:07. "Have you, Mr. Edison, already succeeded in getting some of your inventive wisdom across to one or more earthly inventors?"

Edison: "Yes. I think Mr. Marconi has been fully aware from where and from whom his last inspirations have come."

(Note.—If Mr. Marconi is aware he hasn't told anyone yet.)

"Are you, Mr. Edison, moving this Logos Observatory needle or are the high astrals of the fourth sphere surrounding you moving it?"

Edison: "I am directing, but our combined magnetic power fused with your power moves the hand."

7:39. "Is electricity the ultimate power or is there something more potent to supersede it just as electricity superseded gasoline, steam, etc.?"

Edison: "So far as the physical world is concerned there will be no higher power. When the earth's inhabitants have learned the lesson of unselfishness and brotherhood several inventions of a very decisive nature that are now being held back will be released."

"After you died, how long did it take you to get to your destination?"

Edison: "Two days."

"How long did it take you to get here, just now?"

Edison: "Two seconds. I thought myself across."

"How high were you?"

Edison: "Exactly 7,500 miles."

"Do you wish to tell us in what

sphere or plane you now are a citizen?"

Edison: "The fourth."

7:44. "In what sphere did you find yourself immediately after death?"

Edison: "I refuse to answer."

Edison: "I refuse to answer."

6:55. "Will radio power ever be utilized to run trains, automobiles, airplanes, ships, etc.?"

Edison: "Yes. 'Hades.' Anyone can imagine how wretched such a serious-minded man must have been, surprised by jazz and whoopee."

Fortunately it is possible to achieve promotion by "acquiring spiritual values," whatever that may mean. The mind that worked its way up from telegraph operator to the world's greatest inventor, would find a way to achieve these "values" in a hurry, thus advancing to "Plane 2," called "the Kindergarten." Presumably he had gone right up to the Fourth Grade, Sphere or Plane. Perhaps he likes the "astral" on that spiritual floor or that may be as high as he can climb.

At 7:51 Mr. Edison was asked if he had a message to transmit. Everyone leaned forward to learn how the human race could be made healthy, happy and prosperous. Many of the spirits have existed in Heaven for some 5,000,000 years and, having worked steadily, without sleep, must know the answer to every human problem. Of course they would have told Mr. Edison anything that he wanted to know, yet this was what the pointer spelled out:

Edison: "At the present time there is nothing more important to the inhabitants of the earth than getting the problems of economy solved. All should unite in getting ready for the most important thing that is going to change—a change from a system of selfishness—one that will make it possible for all to have access to the bounties of nature." (Static.)

The mind that had lighted the whole world with electricity now offered only that piece of advice to light humanity out of its economic darkness—to stop being selfish. On earth, Mr. Edison said, had lighted the whole something clear, concise and helpful to say. Anyone who accepts such a message from such a man as authentic, must believe that in Heaven he has gained spiritually.

But then that is always the way. Of all the millions of "up" messages, not one useful word has come through.

What the Tower of Babel Really Looked Like

After Patient Measurements of Its Ruins and Many Years of Research, Two German Scientists Reconstruct the Biblical Skyscraper on Lines Quite Different From Anything Hitherto Pictured

The Scientific

Reconstruction of the Tower of Babel, a Squat and Massive Block of Sun-Baked Brick About 300 Feet High and 300 Feet on Each Side at Its Base.

"And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech."

"And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth."

"And the Lord said, Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech."

"Therefore is the name of it called Babel."

Genesis, Chapter 2.

BERLIN, Dec. 28.

ONE of the most interesting episodes in the Bible is the building of the Tower of Babel.

Everybody remembers at least this much of Bible history, and the story has often referred to in everyday speech, but of the tower peak of it few have a clear idea of what it looked like.

Today the fact that the Tower of Babel have been fully established by the excavations.

It has been found that the tower was built on a high plateau, and that it was the highest of early buildings.

Its measurement of 300 feet on each side at its base is an important fact, because it was 92 meters high, and it was 92 meters wide.

or less than once the height of the Empire State Building in New York, but even at that it was a wonderful achievement for that time.

The Book of Genesis tells us that the people got together and decided to build a tower "whose top may reach unto heaven."

The Lord saw this, and He looked at the work and expiated His anger in those words:

"Behold the people, they are one, and they have all one language, and now will they be restrained from their work."

The Lord decided to put a stop to the further progress of the tower, and to "confound their language."

Then the work of the tower was stopped, and the people were scattered.

Some have written that it was merely an allegory, and that it was a fantastic representation of the tower, some of them showing it with a spiral staircase winding up into the clouds.

The base of a large, ruined tower was found in Babylon, and this was for a time supposed with considerable reason to be the structure referred to in the Bible.

Now it is settled that the Babel Tower stood in the heart of Babylon, although there were similar buildings in various parts of the country.

The model is based primarily on excavations in Babylon conducted by the German Oriental Society and by the German Oriental Society and by the German Oriental Society.

Where certain details of the shape were in doubt, they were supplied by the cuneiform inscription left by Anubelshunu, a Babylonian historian who saw the tower with his own eyes, and by the account of Herodotus, written in 500 B. C.

Nearly twenty years ago, on the banks of the River Euphrate in the German Oriental Society, an expedition, headed by Professor Robert Koldewey and Professor Walter Andree, of Berlin, and they excavated the entire city of Babylon.

One of the most important of the ruins was the tower of the city, which was the most important of the ruins.

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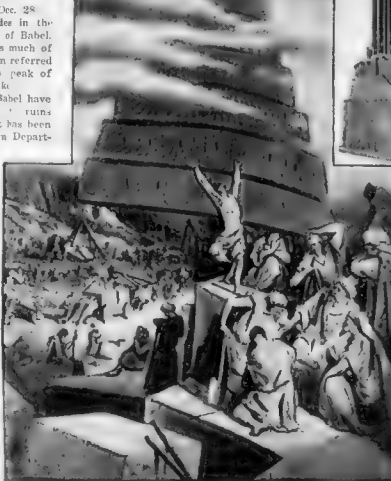
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The "Confusion of Tongues," at the Building of the Tower of Babel, From the Drawing by Gustave Doré.

crumbled to dust and disappeared completely beneath the soil.

In the course of this work the German scientists were delighted to find the ruins of the Tower of Babel, the world's "eighth wonder," as the ancients called it. Its gigantic foundations still existed. Parts of its three huge stairways that led to the top on the southern side were also unearthed.

This Tower was the one which was renovated and made higher by King Nebuchadnezzar about 600 B. C. How it looked before that is still uncertain.

The model is one two-hundredths the size of the original and agrees in all its proportions with the measurements made from the ruins in Babylon.

It was constructed by Professor Koldewey, who is now dead, in collaboration with Professor Andree.

Professor Andree, the present head of the Babylonian section of the Berlin Museum, furnished some interesting details about the Tower and the model.

"In 600 B. C. Nebuchadnezzar began the work of enlarging the Tower existing before his time and increasing the height. Under his rule of fifty

years it became the latest structure of ancient times, one of the wonders of the world, which people came from all the civilized parts of Asia and Europe to see. One hundred years later, in 550 B. C., the Persians invaded and captured Babylon.

"From that time on the Tower began to crumble rapidly. It appears that this was due largely to the immense top-heavy weight of the structure, which caused it to sink to burst. It may also have been hastened by damage done by the Persians out of ill-feeling against their old enemies and their god."

Professor Andree explained that Nebuchadnezzar's Tower was built entirely of brick. This was the chief building material of that time in Babylon, owing to the lack of stone and wood in that country. The bricks were baked in much the same manner as they are today.

The Tower was not tall and slender or round, as many have supposed it, but wide and square. In fact it was a nearly perfect cube, 92 meters (about 300 feet) high, 92 meters wide and 92

meters long, but the main stairways were outside this cube. The walls of its foundation were found to be 45 feet thick when recently unearthed. The whole structure contained over 1,800,000 cubic feet of bricks.

The excavators had here the entire foundation and brought to view a huge square partly filled with water. After they had cleared away the dirt and arranged the ruins, they were able to make out the lower sections of the three outside stairways that led to the top of the Tower.

The middle and most important stairway was over 100 feet long, and was so constructed that when the excavators stood at its base on New Year's Day, they could see the Pole Star at precisely the spot where the stairs stopped, showing that the Tower had an astronomical as well as a religious use. The other two stairways were built at right angles to the middle and were somewhat shorter. In the center of the Tower was a smaller concentric stairway.

There were many of the same kind of towers in Babylon at that time. In Ur of the Chaldees, the birthplace of Abraham, for instance, there is a tower in honor of Sin, the moon-god, which has the same arrangement of stairs as the one in Babylon and is still in a good state of preservation.

The record left by old Anubelshunu, who wrote in 225 B. C., was of great value in reconstructing the Tower. He wrote when it had already decayed and crumbled considerably, but some part of it was still standing. He described it as he saw it then, and also gathered other documents of an earlier date representing it as was at the height of its perfection.

The Tower of Babel must have been in very bad shape when Anubelshunu saw it, for a hundred years before his time Alexander the Great ordered to clear away the heaps of debris surrounding it. Alexander intended to reconstruct it, but died of fever or

poisoning before he could carry out his plan.

Anubelshunu's cuneiform—wedge-shaped—characters, as interpreted by Professor Koldewey, confirm most of the facts observed by the excavators. One important fact, however, was left uncertain by the old Babylonian writer. He described the Tower as being broad at the base and narrowing as it grew higher. On the top, he said, was a small temple, containing a bed and table.

Herodotus, known as "the Father of History," also saw the Tower of Babel and was another valuable source of information, although he was not a Babylonian, and it is not certain how much time he spent there. His description was written very much earlier than Anubelshunu's. It agreed in most points with the Babylonian's, but said there was a large temple at the top. He also spoke of the magnificent Lullu and bed, which he saw, were made of pure gold.

Professor Koldewey, therefore, had to choose between a small and a large temple. It was obvious that if the temple was large, the whole structure would have been different dimensions than if it were small. The Professor finally decided for the large temple. It was clear that Anubelshunu saw the structure in a highly decayed state, when much of the upper part had fallen to the ground, giving it the curious form that he describes.

The temple with the bed was the chamber of the god, who was impersonated, it is believed, by a young priest. Many an old Babylonian family in danger of becoming extinct through the lack of an heir was started anew through the good offices of this god.

"The Tower of Babel," explained

Professor Andree, "was a temple built in honor of the god Marduk, described in the inscriptions as 'King of All Kings, God of All Gods, Master Over the Earth and All Peoples.' Marduk, the people believed, conferred upon the reigning monarch of the Empire the power to govern. Each year this power was extended to him anew by Marduk."

"The Tower stood within the so-called sacred area of the city of Babylon, containing the houses of the many priests of that day. The correct name of the building was the House of the Foundations of Heaven and Earth."

The question has been asked: Why was the Tower built so high? The explanation is that Babylon was a country as flat as a table. The Euphrates often overflowed its banks, inundating the region around Babylon, and the earth was swampy and water-soaked a good part of the time. What more natural, then, than to give the greatest of gods what every prince enjoyed—a dry house. To remain dry it had to be built on a high spot.

In primitive times, thousands of years before the Tower, the god of the Babylonians was a simple god, living in a hut with a simple bed and table. He was the god of a little village or town. The town grew to a community and the conception of the god's importance grew proportionately. The community grew to a state, and then to an Empire. The god began to rise upward, passing more and more out of men's sight. Finally, when the Tower reached its full height, he disappeared wholly from view.

All the powers of the Empire were employed in magnifying Marduk. He was supposed to have power over all other gods, over the whole earth and the stars. Therefore, he needed a big temple.

A few selected priests alone enjoyed the privilege of being permitted to enter the temple, which could be reached only by a secret passage within the Tower. All others had to climb the stairways leading around the side of the building.

The masses worshiped Marduk in the form of an image. Numerous altars were erected around the base of the Tower in his honor. On certain feast days idols of him, made of wood and richly adorned with gold, ivory and lustrous, were carried through the streets of Babylon by the priests to be stored.

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One of the Great Stairways as It Appears in Professor Koldewey's and Andree's Reconstructed Model of the Tower of Babel Now Being Exhibited in the Berlin Museum, Germany.

The Empire State Building, New York, Compared to the German Scientists' Reconstruction of the Tower of Babel, Shown at Its Base.

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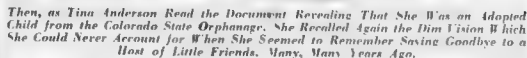
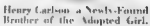
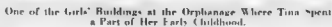
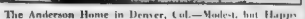
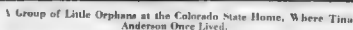
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Adopted Child, Lonesome for Brothers and Sisters, Suddenly Discovers She Was an Orphan and Traces a Sister and Two Brothers, With a Joyful Reunion



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Champions the World

Roll of Honor of the Heroes and Heroine
Beer, Swallowed the Largest Number
Consumed the Greatest Quantity of
Whist Game and Established Man



Lillian Hara, Japanese Girl, and Olive Young, Chinese Girl, in a Contest of Eating Peas With Chopsticks. They Both Ate the Same Amount and Were Too Full to Continue the Contest, So It Was Declared a Draw.



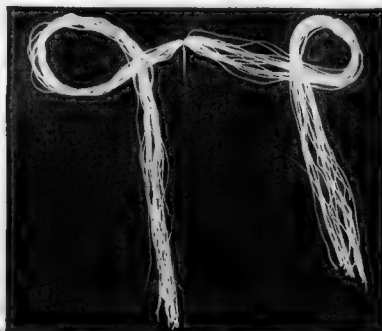
Thomas "Jake" Eaton, Movie Actor, Who Dethroned "Korn King" Koltwitz as "Corn-Eating Champion," by Eating Fifty-Two Ears of Corn to His Opponent's Fifty.



Little Ralph J. Ayer Has a Trained Hummingbird, Which He Has Taught to Drink From a Tube in His Hand.



Probably the Champion Toothful Mother, Mrs. F. A. Salzhough, of Ashburn, Neb., Who at the Age of 18, Has Recently Given Birth to Her Tenth Child. She Has to Her Credit One Set of Triplets, Two Pairs of Twins and Three Single Births.



Phil H. Elmhirst, a Tailor, of Denver, Colorado, Claims the Title of "Champion Needle-Threader," Because He Patiently Put 18 Threads Through the Eye of a Common Needle.



Hans Reinwald and the Five-Gallon Glass of Beer He Drank at One Gulp and Won the Championship in a Beer-Drinking Contest.

name of a man who lives at 926 Santa Clara Avenue, Berkeley, Cal. He claims the championship for the shortest name and one which requires the smallest amount of ink to write.

It may take Gus Kennedy, a shoe merchant of Texarkana, Texas, a long time to get there, but in doing so he won for himself renown as the champion crawler. In 43 hours' crawling on hands and knees Mr. Kennedy managed to cover eighteen miles and he thus won a bet.

Excelling as the fastest, cleanest and most thorough sweeper won a prize for Miss Edna Aselin at the Annual Food and Household Show in Los Angeles. Edna, who claims she is a home girl, proved that she deserved that almost obsolete title by sweeping all the dust from a contest strip twenty-five feet in length in 38 seconds. What a prize of a housewife Edna will make for some lucky man!

An equally useful championship was won by Miss Alice Kreime of Long Beach who came out first in a bed-making contest at an industrial exhibition held in Long Beach. Alice became the sheet spreading champion by virtue of speed and efficiency in smoothing out the wrinkles and tucking the corners under. Probably the NRA,



Photograph of Gus Kennedy, of Texarkana, Tex., at the Start of His 18-Mile Walk on Hands and Knees, a Trip Which Took Him 43 Hours. It Was to Win a Bet.



The Champion Bicycle Rider of the Two-Year-Olds—Baby Sally Elms, Brenner, of Chicago.



The World's "Ugliest Face Champion"—Mr. Thomas Richardson, of England, Twist and Screw It About. Photograph Shows Mr. Richardson as

considered it part of his heritage, as he began wearing the coat on his father's death 32 years ago. Other pieces of wearing apparel which he sports and which are almost worthy of the title "heirloom" are a pair of kid gloves he has worn twenty years, a hat which he has worn every day for fifteen years and a cane that is reputed to be nearly three hundred years old. There is a bit of Scotch in Mr. Waldie's ancestry.

Mr. X is the Gulping down sixty raw eggs in twelve minutes in an egg eating contest won the admiration and the title of "Champion Egg Gulp-er" for Theodore Freiheit of Eureka, North Dakota. Mr. Freiheit claims that he is a booster of the NRA, and is merely trying to raise the price of eggs by rapid consumption. But the farm yard animals think he ought to be ashamed to look a hen in the face.

When James Agard, of Ord, Neb., cried

after reading this, will put Alice under a "code" and make her agree not to make more than 1,000 beds in a day.

Americans are always interested in the first, last, largest and tallest. Texas, the largest State in the Union, claims the long and short in politics and divides honors between Rev. J. W. Holt, the six-foot chaplain of the Texas House of Representatives, and the 45-inch Treasurer of Texas, Charles Lockhart. In a recent campaign for office as treasurer Lockhart became known as the champion "little big man." He pointed out to voters that Texas money would be safe if he was elected as he could not reach far into the money bags of the state and could not run off even if he wanted to, since his legs were not long enough.

H. E. Mann (He-man), of Germantown, Pa., keeps in trim by daily lifting a bull weighing some 350 pounds. He claims to be the champion Bull Lifter as well as Bull Thrower. He started this exercise when the bull weighed but 50 pounds, and has kept it up ever since. He claims that by lifting the bull daily since it was a calf he has not noticed the extra weight that the bull has put on each day. He is looking about for a baby elephant to try the same idea on.

Gulping down sixty raw eggs in twelve minutes in an egg eating contest won the admiration and the title of "Champion Egg Gulp-er" for Theodore Freiheit of Eureka, North Dakota. Mr. Freiheit claims that he is a booster of the NRA, and is merely trying to raise the price of eggs by rapid consumption. But the farm yard animals think he ought to be ashamed to look a hen in the face.

When James Agard, of Ord, Neb., cried



A Champion Who Has No Appeal to Men's Outfitters—Dwight Wadsworth, of Greenville, S. C., Displaying the Coat He Has Worn for 32 Years. He Is 15-Ten-Old Now, 18-Ten-Old When He Was Born. His Case Is 200 Years Old.

Jimmy Schabert, Garden, London, 1 Champion of the Who Has Retains nearly ten years' holding 30 Buds.

Seldom Hears About

s of 1933 Who Drank the Biggest Glass of
of Eggs, Ate the Most Ears of Corn,
Steamed Clams, Played the Longest
ny Other Astonishing Records



Known as the Man With the "India-Rubber" Face, Because of the Way He Can Ordinarily Look and With Some of His Facial Contortions.

lustily as a baby, neighbors advised his mother to let him alone because it was good for his lungs. Recently Asgaard proved that the neighbors were right by winning a "hollering" contest. His voice was heard for six miles which makes it unnecessary for Asgaard to bother with such modern contraptions as telephone or radio.

If all the beads which Mrs. Peggy Serreze of South Boston has strung together were stretched out end to end they would reach for 10,000 miles. In the last five years she has strung 25,000 chains of beads varying in length from one foot to more than a yard and a half and claims the title of World's Champion Bead Stringer.

The title of the youngest mother is claimed by Mrs. F. A. Sultzbaugh, of Auburn, Neb., who thinks that even India would have a hard time matching her record as a mother. Mrs. Sultzbaugh is eighteen years old, and has just given birth to her tenth child. Married at eleven, she was divorced three years later from W. J. Miller after having given birth to a set of triplets and two pairs of twins. After her divorce she was single two years, but since marrying Mr. Sultzbaugh she has added three more births to her record. Only one of the ten children is living, though all were born in good condition. But not all the neighbors are envious of her record in these hard times.

In the porcine world of mothers, a Chester white sow belonging to Fabian Jensen, of Wellington, Ill., seems to be the title holder. Her owner claims she is the champion breeder of the world. Mrs. Hog recently gave birth to a litter of twenty-six, bringing her total to ninety-one little porkers in the past two years.

The lowly sausage made a champion of John Hunt, who consumed

two hundred and twenty-six at one sitting, winning a silver cup as Champion Hot Dog Eater. Now that is quite a record, and since John had no tummy-ache, perhaps he is also entitled to a medal as having the toughest stomach in the U.S.A.

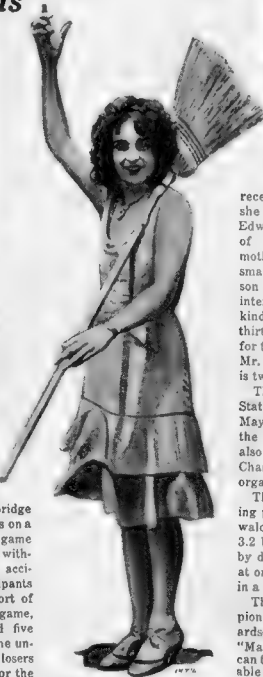
Local champions at bridge are as common as fleas on a dog, but the bridge game which lasted ten years without any murders or accidents gives its participants the right for some sort of championship. The game, which originally had five players, began with the understanding that the losers would buy a dinner for the bunch. The winner was to have a million points or more before they were to agree on ending the game. The original game included Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Linguist, Mr. and Mrs. B. Lee and Mr. George Lee. Mr. B. Lee died during the long-drawn-out game.

Recently George Lee, lowest man, agreed that he was the loser, having piled up a mere 991,598 points against Mrs. Linguist's 1,006,718. Mrs. Lee was second with only 6,000 less than Mrs. Linguist. The two women claim that they established a record which should tickle the vanity of feminists the world over. They proved that women are not only better bridge players but that they never say die, leaving it to the men to call quits.

Several pencils were worn down to stubs in the bookkeeping which was required for the ten years score keeping, the players playing at least once a week and often three or four times a week. Perhaps when the Judgment Day comes and all the champions are brought forward to receive their just reward the participants in this game will get an extra medal when they point out that after ten years of serious bridge they are still friends.

One of the youngest aspirants toward a championship is 2-year-old Sally Elaine Brenner, of 3840 Fullerton avenue, Chicago, Ill. Speed and agility in riding her bike is her claim to fame. Her parents refer to her as the Champion Baby Cycle Rider of the world.

When 13-year-old Mrs. Ralph Croucher



Photograph of Edna Aselin Being Pronounced the Winner of a Broom-Sweeping Contest at Los Angeles. What a Quick and Neat Housewife Edna Will Be.



Champion Chester White Sow, the Property of Mr. Fabian Jensen, of Wellington, Ill., Which Gave Birth to Five Litters in Two Years, Bringing the Grand Total Up to 91 Little Porkers in That Time. In This Litter There Are 26.

recently gave birth to a baby daughter she won for her mother, Mrs. Hubert Edwards, twenty-nine years old, the title of "Youngest Grandmother." Both mother and grandmother hail from the small Indiana village of Kurtz, in Jackson County. The entire family seems intent on establishing records of one kind or another. Mr. Edwards is only thirty-two, which makes him a candidate for the title of "Youngest Grandfather." Mr. Croucher, father of the new baby, is twenty-one.

The Biggest Mayor in the United States is jovial William H. Fisher, the Mayor of Phillipsburg, N. J., who tips the scales at 397 pounds. Mr. Fisher also claims the distinction of being a Champion Joiner. He belongs to thirty organizations.

There were a lot of dry throats during prohibition, but that of Hans Reinwald was perhaps the driest. When 3.2 beer came in he soothed his thirst by drinking a five-gallon glass of beer at one gulp, winning the championship in a beer drinking contest.

The world's "Ugliest Face Championship" is claimed by Mr. Thomas Richardson, of England. Known as the "Man with the India-Rubber Face," he can twist and screw it about into formidable visages. Richardson uses no make-up, and is able to resume his normal face with little effort. Some of his facial contortions are shown on this page. Is there any reader who wants to challenge him?

Rose Rooney's claim to fame is that she can eat more steamed clams than anyone in the world. A native of Central Falls, R. I., the state that boasts the best clams in the union, Miss Rooney recently consumed more than two pecks at one sitting. It's lucky that a girl with such a hunger lives where clams are cheap.

For years and years Frank Ulrich of Adrian, Michigan, has carefully picked up pieces of string and twine and saved them. With a patience worthy of Job he tied the small pieces together till he achieved a ball of twine which stretched out would reach 150 miles. Mr. Ulrich, who has outperformed for titles, refers to himself as the "Twine-gathering Champion."

D. E. Warford of Sawtelle, California Soldiers Home, is credited with being the most tattooed man in the world. Not only have his unique decorations given him the right to be known as the Champion among tattooers but it was instrumental in having him made the king of a cannibal tribe and on this memorable occasion it saved his life. He was in the Spanish-American War at

Continued on Page 15



This Is Rose Rooney, Happily Defending Her Title of "Clam-Eating Champion."



H. E. Mann, of Germantown, Pa., Has Eaten This Bull Every Day Since It Weighed 50 Pounds—An Invigorating Exercise, Especially When the Bull Is Full Grown.



Mrs. Peggy Serreze, of South Boston, Mass., Who Claims the World's Championship as a Bead-Stringer, Because She Has Strung Over 10,000 Miles of Beads.



the Great 150-Yard-Old Bull, Hubert, the Bull King of the World.

Frank Ulrich, of Adrian, Mich., Solemnly Posing Beside the 150-Yard-Old Bull of Twine He Has Gathered Together to Win Him the Title of "Twine-Gathering Champion."



James Asgaard, of Ord, Nebraska, Whose Voice Was Heard for a Distance of Six Miles in a Telling Contest.



Mrs. Ralph Croucher, of Kurtz, Ind., Who Is Thirteen Years Old, Probably Was for Her Mother, Mrs. Hubert Edwards, 29 Years Old, the Title of "Youngest Grandmother" When Her Baby Daughter Was Born Recently.

You simply don't know what you're missing till you try them out on the road!



This vivid demonstration of Fisher No Draft Ventilation and how it operates may be seen at the Automobile Shows. The arrows at front and rear windows show how fresh air is drawn in, how used air is drawn out, entirely without chilling drafts on anyone in the car

AS YOU read this advertisement, eager throngs are getting their first thrilling glimpse of the motor car industry's brilliant new offerings at the New York Automobile Show.

Perhaps you will be one of the fortunate people to see the new cars and the new styles at one of the many automobile shows which will attract unusual attention throughout the country this season.

Of course you will inspect the strong, safe, new Bodies by Fisher, and you will find them more generously spacious, more luxuriously comfortable, more beautifully appointed than even they have been before.

But you simply don't know what you're missing till you try them out on the road! Only then will you appreciate fully their

spaciousness and comfort—and in no other way can you understand the real importance of Fisher No Draft Ventilation.

It is hard to believe that a closed car could be so free from stuffiness—that anyone in the car can smoke without disturbing others—that the inside of windows and windshields could be so unclouded in cold, stormy weather—that you could enjoy such fresh, pure air without drafts.

But it's true, as your first ride in any General Motors car will prove to you. For your health, your safety, your comfort, and for your family's sake, you will surely want Fisher No Draft Ventilation on your new car, and that means you will want a Body by Fisher, which originated, pioneered and perfected this advantage.



BODY BY FISHER on GENERAL MOTORS-CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET

PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC

BIGGER! FASTER! MORE RUGGED THAN EVER!

Yet New Dodge still costs just a few dollars more than the lowest priced cars

THOUSANDS of people who see the new, bigger Dodge... and then glance at the price tag... can hardly believe their own eyes!

"Impossible!" they exclaim when they learn the price. "Still only a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars for this big, luxurious Dodge? And it's bigger... better... more stunning than ever."

Yes! That's right. You'll rub your eyes, too. The bigger Dodge for 1934 has features never before found on any car... features that even some of the highest-priced cars don't have—and all at such surprisingly little cost!

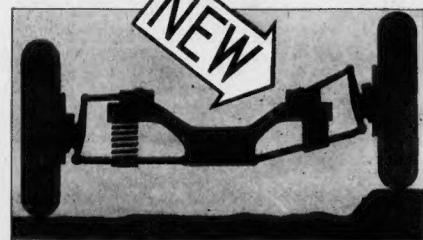
Dodge made automobile history in 1933 with a car so remarkable that it leaped from 9th place to 4th... outselling all except the three lowest-priced cars. Even if the new, bigger Dodge were exactly the same as last year's famous model, it would still be the outstanding value in its field... outstanding in performance, luxury, safety and features. And the new, bigger Dodge even

exceeds last year's "miracle car."

Look at some of the advanced features of the new, bigger Dodge pictured here. Have you ever seen anything to equal them—even in many higher-priced cars? And these are only a few of the extra advantages you get in Dodge... and at such amazingly low cost. In addition, Dodge still gives you the vital, engineering achievements that made it a sensation last year. In other words—in the new, bigger Dodge you get everything that has made Dodge the biggest buy in its field... plus the newest, latest features that have been perfected this last year.

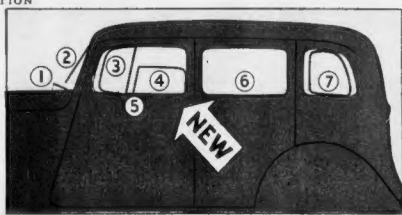
In 1933, thousands of motorists bought cars on the Dodge "Show-Down" Plan... the new way to compare automobile values. This year Dodge makes the same challenge! Compare Dodge with any car in its field! Ask any Dodge dealer to lay the cards on the table right before you. See what Dodge has! See what the others have! Then judge for yourself!

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION
Advertisement endorsed by Dept. of Engineering, Chrysler Motors



DODGE "FLOATING-CUSHION" WHEELS—No matter how bumpy the road may be, Dodge new front-wheel suspension assures smooth, level riding. When the front-wheel of the Dodge strikes a bump, the wheel—independent of the rest of the car—rises and falls with the bump. No jar. No shock. No tilting of the car. With "Floating-Cushion" Wheels (tested over thousands of miles of rocky, furrowed country), patented Floating Power engine mountings, hydraulic shock absorbers, shock-proof cross-steering, Airwheel tires and long 117-inch wheelbase, Dodge is the only car in its field to offer all these advantages!

JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS



NEW DODGE "7-POINT VENTILATION"—An improved and perfected ventilating system. (1) Cool ventilator (2) Windshield opens or closes by means of crank on the instrument board (3) Front half of forward window may be swung open in "butterfly" fashion—as well as raised and lowered (4) Rear half of the window can be raised or lowered independently of the "butterfly" (5) Both halves of the forward window may be locked into a single unit and raised or lowered together—just as an ordinary window (6) Rear door window, raised or lowered (7) Rear quarter window has "butterfly" draft control. Dodge would not adopt any ventilating system until Dodge engineers had perfected it. Dodge "7-point Ventilation" is an improvement over ordinary systems. It is more than a way of controlling drafts because it allows for thorough ventilation under all conditions of weather and climate.



At last! A simple, quick, easy way to open the windshield... just turn the crank! Operate instantly, adjust to any desired opening, at a touch of your fingers. Works a new way—by means of an ingenious steel ribbon tension spring. Holds windshield firmly... makes rattling impossible. One of the seven great features of the new Dodge ventilation system.



NEW BIGGER "AIRWHEEL" TIRES—Dodge gives these plump low-pressure "Airwheel" tires to you—bigger than ever—as standard equipment. They add to the smart style of the new, bigger Dodge—and they make riding feel like flying. And they add safety, too—grip the road better; make brake action even more positive, reduce skidding hazard. New distinguished hubcaps.



"STORAGE SPACE—INSIDE!" Handy, practical storage space behind the back seat of the new, bigger Dodge. Away from damaging rain, sleet, snow, ice... safe, secure. Wonderfully convenient. Simply raise the back of the seat, and there you'll find plenty of room for luggage, packages, etc. Done away with an outside trunk rack that gets in the way of spare tires. *Special equipment at slight extra cost.

and THESE FAMOUS DODGE FEATURES

FREE WHEELING HYDRAULIC BRAKES
"OILITE" SPRINGS QUIET GEARS
AUTOMATIC CLUTCH
X-BRIDGE-TYPE FRAME
FLOATING POWER
SAFETY STEEL BODY

FREE! Send for "Animated" Dodge "Floating-Cushion" Wheel Demonstrator (individual wheel suspension). Or ask your nearest Dodge dealer.

NEW Bigger DODGE **SEE YOUR DODGE DEALER FOR AMAZING LOW PRICES**



"Baby's Cough soon stopped— thanks to the doctor's advice!"

"My poor little baby coughed night after night," writes Mrs. Cook. "It was awful. Then doctor said to give her Pertussin, and it was wonderful how soon the hard cough stopped."

THE tissues of your throat and bronchial tubes are kept moist and healthy by millions of glands—like tiny water faucets. But when you "catch a cold" these glands clog up. Thick mucus collects. Your throat feels tickly—dry. You have and you cough, but nothing is raised.

To stop a cough, you must get these little moisture glands working again. And *Pertussin* does just that!

Just a spoonful or two of *Pertussin*, doctors have found, stimulates the glands—starts up the flow of their natural moisture at once. Gummy phlegm loosens—your throat feels moistened and relieved. Nature with the help of *Pertussin* has started to cure your cough!

Pertussin is the extract of a medicinal herb used by doctors for years even for the worst of all coughs. It won't upset the digestion. It contains no narcotics, no harmful drugs.

Don't you get a bottle of *Pertussin* right away?

BABES NEED PERTUSSIN when they cough. And *Pertussin* doctors write: "It soothes the cough and breaks up the mucus." "It always does the trick." "You'll like its taste, too!"

PERTUSSIN has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years... It works safely!

H A I R T R O U B L E ?

Learn the one correct and harmless way to remove all dandruff and any itch from the scalp; how to stop excessive hair loss, and how it is possible to grow back the lost hair. A famous scientist explains everything in a free booklet. Write—

LORDAY, 261 W. 23d St., New York City.

Name _____

Address _____

BURNS

Apply *Unguentine*, *Quick!* Gives blessed relief from stinging pain. Prevents festering and scarring. The sure way to have it healed in 10 days. Write for it today.

BURPEE'S GIANT ZINNIA 3 Pkts. 10c

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BURPEE'S GIANT ZINNIA 3 Pkts. 10c

Flower-Like Dishes Will Please Your Family

Daisy Salad. HAVE ready as many hard-boiled eggs as you need. Arrange a bed of crisp lettuce on serving plate. Slice the eggs. Arrange the sliced whites as petals and the yolks to form the centers. Serve with any desired dressing.

Radish Rose Salad. COOK 2 or 3 tender beets in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, rub off skin and slice. Cover with mild vinegar and let stand overnight. Drain off the vinegar and reserve for making red mayonnaise. Arrange 1 cup cooked French peas, 1 cup cooked wax beans and 1 cup cooked 1/2 asparagus tips in little nests of heart, celery or chicory. Garnish with swirls of red mayonnaise and radish roses.

Rose Salad. SCALD as many small perfect tomatoes as you will need. Remove skins. Chill in ice box. With sharp, pointed spoon scoop out about 1 teaspoon of pulp from stem end of each tomato. Fill cavity with thinly sliced chestnuts seasoned with mayonnaise. Mash cream cheese until smooth and creamy with a little mayonnaise or thick cream. Color a delicate pink with vegetable coloring. With a spoon make pink petals of cheese on each tomato, having two or three rows of the petals around each tomato. Pile freshly grated cheese lightly in center. If carefully done, each tomato will look like a full-blown pink rose. Water lilies can be made in the same way.

Radish Roses or Tulips. WASH radishes carefully. With a sharp knife begin at root end and make six incisions through skin, extending three-fourths length of radish. Pass knife under sections of skin, and

By Mary Lee Swann. The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

cut down as far as incisions extend. Place in a pan of ice water and let stand until time to serve. Drain on dry towel.

Shamrock Sandwiches. CREAM 1/2 cup butter, adding slowly a few grains salt and paprika and add finely chopped

Yellow Rose Birthday Cake. CREAM 1 cup butter, add 2 cups sifted sugar gradually. Add 8 well-beaten egg yolks and

mix well. Mix and sift 2 1/2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Add 1 teaspoon soda to 1 cup sour milk and beat into the butter mixture alternately with the sifted flour. Add 4 squares chocolate, melted over hot water. Beat well. Fold in 6 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Flavor with a few drops vanilla

or almond. Bake in three buttered and floured layer cake pans. Put together and cover with cream chocolate icing. Decorate with yellow birthday roses and candles.

Cream Chocolate Icing. MIX 3 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 1/2 cup butter, a tiny pinch of salt and 3 squares of chocolate (grated or sliced). Stir over low heat until chocolate and sugar are dissolved. Cook until mixture forms a soft ball when tried in cold water (about 210 degrees on sugar thermometer). Remove from fire, add a few drops vanilla and 2 tablespoons cream, beaten stiff. Spread as soon as mixture will hold its shape.

Sunflower Cake. BEAT 11 egg whites until stiff, add 2 1/2 teaspoons cream of tartar gradually. With a wire whisk beat in 1 1/2 cups sifted sugar. Fold in 1 cup prepared cake flour sifted three or four times. Fold in 8 egg yolks beaten until light and lemon-colored. Flavor with 1/2 teaspoon orange extract. Turn into ungreased angel cake pan and bake in a slow oven, at about 300 degrees, for 1 hour. Turn out on cake cooler. When cold spread with orange confectioner's icing. Decorate sides with browned blanched almonds. When icing is firm sprinkle center of cake with freshly grated sweet chocolate.

Orange Icing. TO 1/2 cup strained orange juice add a few drops of lemon juice and 2 1/2 cups powdered sugar, gradually. More sugar may be used if needed. A small pinch of salt may be added. Spread on top and sides of cake.



LOOK AT THEM Now!

THAT'S because Lea & Perrins adds such savory and rich goodness! Brings out the real flavor of ingredients so that leftovers don't taste flat and insipid. Try adding Lea & Perrins to soups, salads, croquettes, stews and other inexpensive cuts of meat. You'll see the poorest eater in your family begin to relish his food.

The Choice of Famous Chefs. Lea & Perrins is the original Worcestershire Sauce, preferred by famous chefs and good home cooks everywhere. Costs less than other kinds of seasonings—each dish requires so little. For tempting meals, use Lea & Perrins in home cooking; ask for it at restaurants.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

Send for FREE cook book—140 tasty recipes that will delight your family. Write today to Lea & Perrins, Inc., Dept. R-1, 341 West St., New York.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Sweet Potatoes Hot Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Butter Bacon Toast Coffee Luncheon Spiced Pork Cup Crackers Emergency Salad (Left-Over)	Breakfast Sweet Potatoes Hot Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Butter Bacon Toast Coffee Luncheon Spiced Pork Cup Crackers Emergency Salad (Left-Over)	Breakfast Sweet Potatoes Hot Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Butter Bacon Toast Coffee Luncheon Spiced Pork Cup Crackers Emergency Salad (Left-Over)	Breakfast Sweet Potatoes Hot Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Butter Bacon Toast Coffee Luncheon Spiced Pork Cup Crackers Emergency Salad (Left-Over)	Breakfast Sweet Potatoes Hot Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Butter Bacon Toast Coffee Luncheon Spiced Pork Cup Crackers Emergency Salad (Left-Over)	Breakfast Sweet Potatoes Hot Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Butter Bacon Toast Coffee Luncheon Spiced Pork Cup Crackers Emergency Salad (Left-Over)	Breakfast Sweet Potatoes Hot Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Butter Bacon Toast Coffee Luncheon Spiced Pork Cup Crackers Emergency Salad (Left-Over)

American Weekly Patterns



IMPORTANT IN YOUR WARDROBE (7794). Designed in 4 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 38" made as in the large view will require 1 1/2 yards for the blouse and 3 1/2 yards for the dress of 38-inch material.

SMART AND "CORRECT" ALL DAY (8099). Designed in 4 sizes: 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19, with corresponding bust measure 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37. Size 13 requires 3 1/2 yards of 38-inch material. Together with 1/2 yard of contrasting material for tie and vest.

A LITTLE SISTER FROCK (8105). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 10 requires 1 1/2 yards of 34-inch material. Collar, belt and band cuffs in contrast require 1/2 yard 35-inch wide.

WHAT LITTLE GIRLS LIKE (8107). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 38-inch material for the dress and 3/4 yard of contrasting material.

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME (8094). Designed in 4 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 44 requires 3 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. Together with 3/4 yard of contrasting material. With long sleeves and without collar it requires 4 1/2 yards.

FOR A SMALL TOT (7646). Designed in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. The 2-year size with wrist and sleeve requires 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. With short sleeves 1 1/4 yards. To finish with bias binding requires 2 yards 1 1/2 inches wide.

FITS SNUGGLY (8097). Designed in 4 sizes: Small, large, medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material.

Brassiere of lace requires 3/4 yard 6 inches wide. The shoulder straps of ribbon require 1 1/4 yards. To obtain any one of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 15 cents in coin for EACH PATTERN (SEAL ENVELOPE PLACED SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to:

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS, 11 STERLING PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS, 11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

7794..... Bust 8105..... Years
8099..... Size 8107..... Years
7646..... Years 8097..... Size
8094..... Bust
Name _____
St. & No. _____
City & State _____
Patterns 15 Cents Each.



Dolly's weekly gingerbread kept her good as gold..

Mrs. Clinton pondered. How could she make Dolly and Bill "be good" without harsh punishment? A little reward! That was it! Gingerbread, made from her favorite Brer Rabbit molasses! It would be good for the children, too.

"Dolly!" she called. "Bill! If you'll be real good all week, mother will make you a big pan of gingerbread on Saturday."

"I'll be good," they declared vehemently! And they were! Good as gold. Even Daddy noticed it.

So on Saturday, the aroma of fresh gingerbread permeated the house. "My old-fashioned Brer Rabbit Molasses," smiled Mrs. Clinton, "makes such delicious gingerbread that anybody would be good in order to get it!"

Old-fashioned tawny gingerbread, made from Brer Rabbit Molasses, is always a favorite with grown-ups and children. How they love its pungent smell, its rich flavor.

Brer Rabbit Molasses is real New Orleans molasses, made from the finest grade of freshly crushed sugar cane. That's what makes it taste so good. It is a wholesome food, too.

Two kinds—Gold Label, the highest quality light molasses for fancy cookery, fine on pancakes; Green Label—a darker molasses with a stronger flavor.

"BRER RABBIT GINGERBREAD" MAKES CHILDREN GOOD AS GOLD

1 1/2 cups sugar; 3 tablespoons oil; butter; 1 egg; 1/4 cup flour; 1/4 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses; 1 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon; 1 teaspoon soda; 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar.

Cream together butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then add alternately the dry ingredients and molasses, beating well after each addition. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 45 minutes.

FREE Booklet containing more than 90 other Brer Rabbit recipes. Write for it today to Brer Rabbit Molasses Co., P.O. Box 144, New Orleans, La. Enclose 10c in coin for a copy of "Old-Fashioned Molasses Goodies."

Name _____ Address _____

BRER RABBIT REAL PLANTATION Molasses

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Send 10 cents in coin for a copy of our NEW 1934 FASHION BOOK. Every Home Dreamer should have a copy of this on her sewing table.

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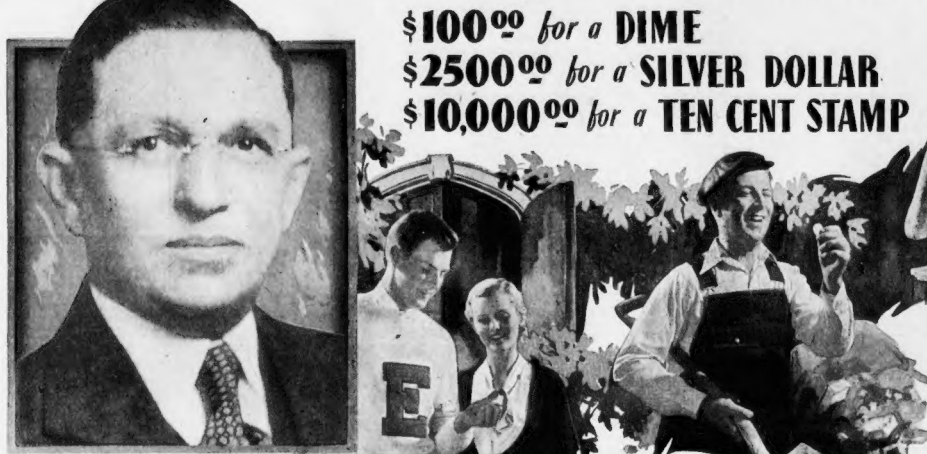
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Old Coins Worth Fortunes

Pass Unrecognized Thru Public Hands Says B. Max Mehl of Fort Worth, Tex. Well Known Authority and Country's Largest Dealer and Collector of Rare Money Who Has Shown Thousands How to Turn Old Coins into New Riches

HE NOW TELLS HOW TO OBTAIN LARGE SUMS FOR OLD COINS AND STAMPS

\$100.00 for a DIME
\$2500.00 for a SILVER DOLLAR
\$10,000.00 for a TEN CENT STAMP



MR. B. MAX MEHL, nationally famous coin man and head of the Numismatic Company, of Fort Worth, Texas.

by Paul Thorne

THE true story of rare coins is even more glamorous and romantic than the tales of hidden pirate treasure and loot. Every day in all parts of this great country of ours, old coins and bills worth many times their face value may be passing from hand to hand without the knowledge of their worth. What a thrill it is to know the value of these coins, to be able to find Pennies worth Hundreds, Dollars worth Thousands, to receive money in change and discover among your change a coin or old bill worth a small fortune.

A Silver Dollar Worth \$2,500.00 Passed in Change

Recently the Chicago newspapers were full of an actual happening where a restaurant cashier passed out an 1804 Silver Dollar in regular change. Mr. B. Max Mehl himself, has paid as high as \$2,500.00 for such a Silver Dollar. Yet the man who received this Silver Dollar undoubtedly passed it along without knowing he held a fortune in his hands. Mr. J. E. Brownlee of Headmont, Georgia, who dug up an old coin for which Mr. Mehl paid him \$1,000.00 writes as follows: "Your letter received with check for \$1,000.00 enclosed. I like to deal with such men as you and hope you continue buying coins for a long time."

\$50,000 for 832 Copper Pennies

To those unaccustomed with the value of old coins, the prices paid for them seem almost unbelievable. Mr. B. Max Mehl himself, paid Dr. French of New York \$50,000.00 in cash for a collection of 832 copper pennies of United States coinage. Imagine \$50,000.00 paid for coins, the face value of which was only \$8.32. The enormous prices old coins, old bills and stamps

bring, make the collection of them a profitable as well as a fascinating hobby.

The history of B. Max Mehl reads like a Horatio Alger story come true to life. In his boyhood days in Fort Worth, Texas, the lure of old coins attracted him. Like other boys in every farming community, small town, village and large city, the desire for collecting was keen. As he grew older his collection became larger and what was first a childish hobby developed into a turning point in his life. He found his collection had grown into a profitable business for him; coins that had cost him face value, or little more, were actually worth large sums. Thirty-one years as a collector has gained B. Max Mehl recognition as an authority on all United States coins. He has purchased thousands of rare coins, old bills and stamps. Over a million copies of his books and catalogs on coins have been distributed. Banks, Museums and Collectors refer to him and his books constantly as authority.

Offered \$10,000 for \$5.00 Gold Piece

The Magazine of Texas in an article about Mr. B. Max Mehl, quotes some interesting highlights of an interview with him. He told about the most valuable coin in existence in the United States, a Five Dollar Gold Piece of the year 1822; only three of them are known to exist and Mr. Mehl offered the owner of one of them \$10,000.00 for it. There were 17,796 specimens of this coin minted; where did the other coins disappear. This is one of the mysteries of coinage. Who knows but—hidden away in old money boxes, safety vaults or carried around in somebody's pocket as a good luck piece, are other specimens of this coin. Someone may be carrying a fortune in his pocket and not know it. Mr. Mehl explains that it is not the age but the scarcity that makes a coin valuable. Coins only fifteen years old may be worth a thousand times their face value. As an example: the 1913 Liberty Head Nickel is worth upward of \$50.00.

Old Paper Bills are Valuable

Mr. J. T. Neville of North Dakota received \$200.00 from Ma Mehl for a Ten Dollar bill he picked up in circulation. Mr. Mehl has paid large sums of money for many old bills, and has in his possession a number of \$5.00 and \$10.00 notes of the Kirland, Ohio Safety Society Bank; the owner of those notes was about to throw them into a bonfire, but having seen Mr. Mehl's advertisement, she sent them to him and it was discovered they bore the signature of Joseph Smith, who later founded the Mormon Church. They were, therefore, of considerable value.

Valuable Stamps Turn Up in Odd Places

Mr. Mehl says it would be wise for everyone to look through their old correspondence or any old letters they may find in trunks, old desks or out of the way places. Mrs. N. S. Liscio of

Washington found one stamp for which she got \$10,000.00. Almost \$40,000.00 was paid for another single stamp. While stamps of this value are not lying around in every home, yet many stamps for which Mr. Mehl would pay \$100.00, \$1,000.00, or even more, are in existence all over the country.

Coin Collecting Does Not Require Riches

Some very interesting collections are possessed by people in very modest circumstances. Coin collecting has spread all over the world from the smallest to the largest country in Europe, the Asiatic countries, even Africa, New Zealand and other far away places. Often Mr. Mehl appraises American coins for foreign collectors as his reputation is international. Some time ago a man in Germany shipped a collection of coins to the Governor of New York and asked his assistance in disposing of them. The Curator of the Institute of Art at Albany, much to the surprise of the Secretary to the Governor, did not mention a dealer in the East as best fitted to handle this collection, but supplied the address of B. Max Mehl, Fort Worth, Texas.

Amazing Number of Rare Coins in Circulation

Letters are received by Mr. Mehl in enormous quantities. At this time of the year as many as 18,000 pieces of mail (many pieces containing rare coins) are received daily and his Numismatic Company of Fort Worth, Texas. During the course of the year actual shipments of coins amounting all the way from one to hundreds of pieces are sent to Mr. Mehl for him to purchase. From his office during the course of a year as much as three million pieces of mail are sent out.

Hard Times Make Coin Collectors

Financial disasters and depressions may wipe out fortunes invested in various other ways, but coins remain untouched. Coins that are valuable today should become more valuable as the years go on. Mr. Mehl states that there are more and more coin collectors and that the demand for pieces for collections is steadily increasing. He has no difficulty at all in disposing of rare pieces he obtains. His greatest difficulty is in finding enough rare coins.

People tumble on valuable coins

Mr. Mehl tells of some of the highlights of his experiences with rare coins. The story of Mrs. Frank G. Adams, who sold tickets in a movie theatre in Georgia, is quite interesting. Mrs. Adams received a Silver Dollar to pay for the ticket, then the window. In checking up her money she noted this Silver Dollar was minted in 1804. Now that Silver Dollar is listed up to \$2500.00. To show this may happen again, Joseph Mickle of Philadelphia was also handed a Silver Dollar minted in 1804 by a bank cashier when he cashed a check for him. A Philadelphia man received change for his dollar in a local tobacco store and one of the small coins received was later sold for \$200.00. Mr. J. E. Brownlee, Headmont, Ga., received \$1,000.00 from Mr. Mehl for just one coin.

One Half Dollar Brings \$800.00

A ticket seller on the Brooklyn Bridge took in a half dollar for which he later received \$800.00. Mr. Mehl paid Mrs. Dorothy Prindle of California, \$100.00 for an 1870 Dollar with the Mint letter "S". He offered to pay \$100.00 for a Dime minted in 1894 with the Mint letter "S" but will only pay \$5.00 for a Dime of 1796. This shows that it is not the age, but the rarity that makes the coins valuable. Jas. House, Mobile, Ala., received \$50.00 for the 1913 Liberty Head Nickel.

Old Coins Turn Up Everywhere

Mr. Mehl paid a Florida man \$750.00 for an old coin he obtained from an Indian. Mrs. Harvey, wife of a Fulton, Mo., farmer, was paid \$140.00 for three small coins she obtained as part payment of some produce. An old penny was sold by C. W. Lewis, Burlington, N. J., for \$800.00. Mrs. Sam Dowdy of San Antonio, Texas, received \$100.00 from Mr. Mehl for an old Fifty Cent piece. \$75.00 was paid for one Half Dollar to Mr. W. L. Caldwell of Memphis, Tenn.

How Old Coins are Found

One doesn't have to be a coin collector to know the value of old coins and make money on them. According to Mr. Mehl, the people who send him coins for which he pays large sums, are in most cases people who, thru the aid of simple coin information supplied by him, are able to know a valuable piece when they see it. The flood of coins

he receives daily, in many cases, are sent by people who watch carefully the coins that pass thru their hands. Other coins sent in have been lying around in strong boxes and vaults simply because their owners did not know the value of the coins until they learned from Mr. Mehl. Everyone should be posted on coin values, because you never can tell when a rare coin worth a lot of money may be handed you. If it is not recognized it will be passed right along. Mr. Mehl himself, has paid out a huge fortune for old coins, bills and stamps sent by people who were frightened enough to post themselves on values. Being able to recognize rare money and stamps has made small fortunes for many. Anyone who wishes to obtain profitable information that would tell them the values of old money and stamps, may obtain from Mr. Mehl an Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder which contains a partial list of valuable coins. Just use the coupon of Mr. Mehl's advertisement on this page and one of these folders will be yours.

Pays Big CASH Prices for OLD MONEY COINS-BILLS-STAMPS

1 Paid \$4,000.00 to Mrs. Sam Dowdy for ONE HALF DOLLAR

Mrs. Sam Dowdy of San Antonio, Texas, found this Half Dollar among some of the things left by her deceased father. She sent it to Mr. B. Max Mehl and he paid her \$4,000.00 for it. This is but one of many such cases. Post yourself so that you will know valuable coins when you see them.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps Wanted
\$1.00 to \$1,000.00 paid for certain old Cents, Nickels, Dimes, Quarters, etc. Right now we will pay \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo), \$100.00 for 1894 Dimes "S" mint, \$5.00 for 1855 Quarters no arrows, \$10.00 for 1855 Quarters no motto, \$200.00 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, 10¢ for 1912 "S" mint Nickels, etc., etc.

Big Cash Premiums for Hundreds of Coins Now Circulating
There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch your change. Know what to look for. It pays!

It Pays to Post Yourself on the Big Values of Old Coins and Stamps
Knowing about coins pays. Andrew Henry of Idaho was paid \$600.00 for a Half Dollar received in change. A valuable old coin may come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it. Post yourself!

HUGE PREMIUMS FOR OLD STAMPS

Some old stamps bring big premiums. An old 10¢ stamp, found in an old basket was sold for \$10,000.00. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. It will pay you to know how to recognize them.

Let Me Send You My Illustrated Coin Folder!
IT WILL OPEN YOUR EYES! USE THIS COUPON NOW!

Send the coupon below and 4¢ for my Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars. Whether or not you have any old money or stamps now—write today for this eye-opening valuable wealth of information and the profits that have been made from old money, stamps and bills. No obligation on your part. Surely you have nothing to lose and everything to gain and it may mean much profit to you.

SEND COUPON NOW

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS
575 Mehl Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Mr. Mehl: Please send me your Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars for which I enclose 4 cents.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

LARGEST RARE COIN ESTABLISHMENT IN THE U. S. A.



The headquarters of B. Max Mehl and home of the NUMISMATIC COMPANY, established 11 years ago in Dallas, Fort Worth, Texas. At home as always for customers from any part of the country. Bills and stamps handled here annually.